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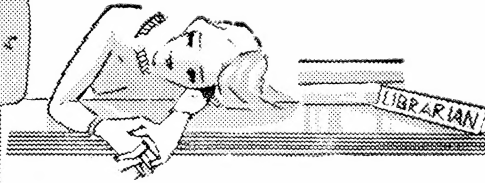


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# THE COLLEGIATE

*Published in the Interests of the Students of the  
Sarnia Collegiate Institute and Technical School*

23rd Year of Publication

SARNIA

June, 1936

COVER DESIGN BY NORMA ALLEN

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## FOREWORD

### "MANNERS MAKYTH MAN"

JUST as good form distinguishes clever gymnastics, so good manners adorn good deeds. There is an attractive way of doing a favor, of accepting a courtesy which makes life more pleasant for all concerned—even in these difficult times.

Not that one would wish a High School student to be a little he—or she—prissy! Small danger of that, in this day and age! But the old motto of Winchester School still holds a world of truth—"Manners Makyth Man"!

For example, sometimes I get the impression that a boy hesitates in saying "Sir," from a feeling that he is thereby demeaning himself. Nothing could be further from the truth. He is merely paying a small but pleasing tribute to age or authority, and at the same time proving that he has been well brought up. There is, after all, a certain respect due to years and experience—a well-founded, customary courtesy which has proved its worth over many, many generations.

Independence is good, but it is best when restrained by good manners. Initiative is good—but it should not be allowed to develop into self-assertiveness. It is quite possible to be cheerful and bright without being too noisy about it—and this applies quite as much to girls as to boys!

Now there is, to be sure, a superficial politeness which may become very irritating. Good manners go deeper than that—they spring from thoughtfulness and consideration for others, conforming at the same time to the accepted usages of polite society. They are a real asset to a boy or girl in any walk in life and a positive necessity in the business world. The old saying still holds good—"politeness costs nothing—but it pays big dividends."

What is much more important—real courtesy is an index to character—it's worth striving for! Manners makyth man!

—F. C. ASBURY.



JEAN PHILLIPS

*Principal F. C. Asbury*



ELIZABETH  
JEAN  
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1936

*Frank J. Payne, B. A.*



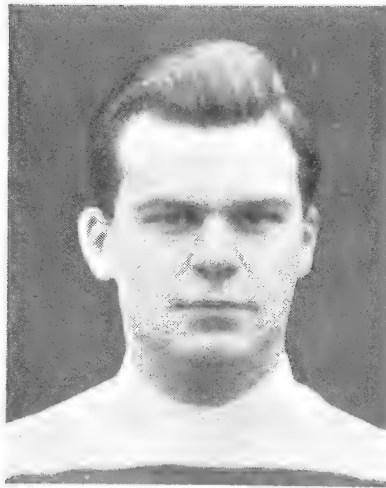
To  
Frank J. Hayne, B. A.  
in appreciation  
of his  
untiring and unselfish services  
to the school  
we respectfully dedicate  
this issue of  
"The Collegiate"



## In Memoriam

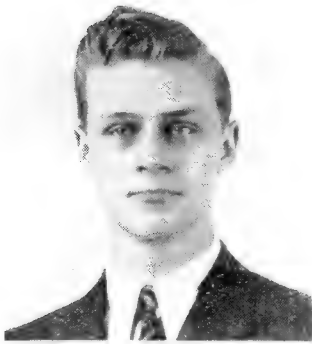
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March 20, 1936



Ross Waldemar Williams

December 18, 1935



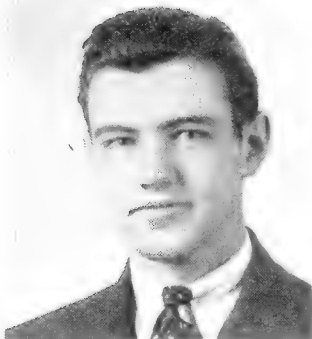
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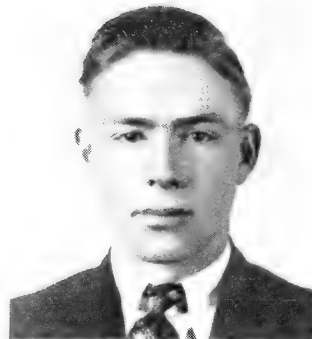
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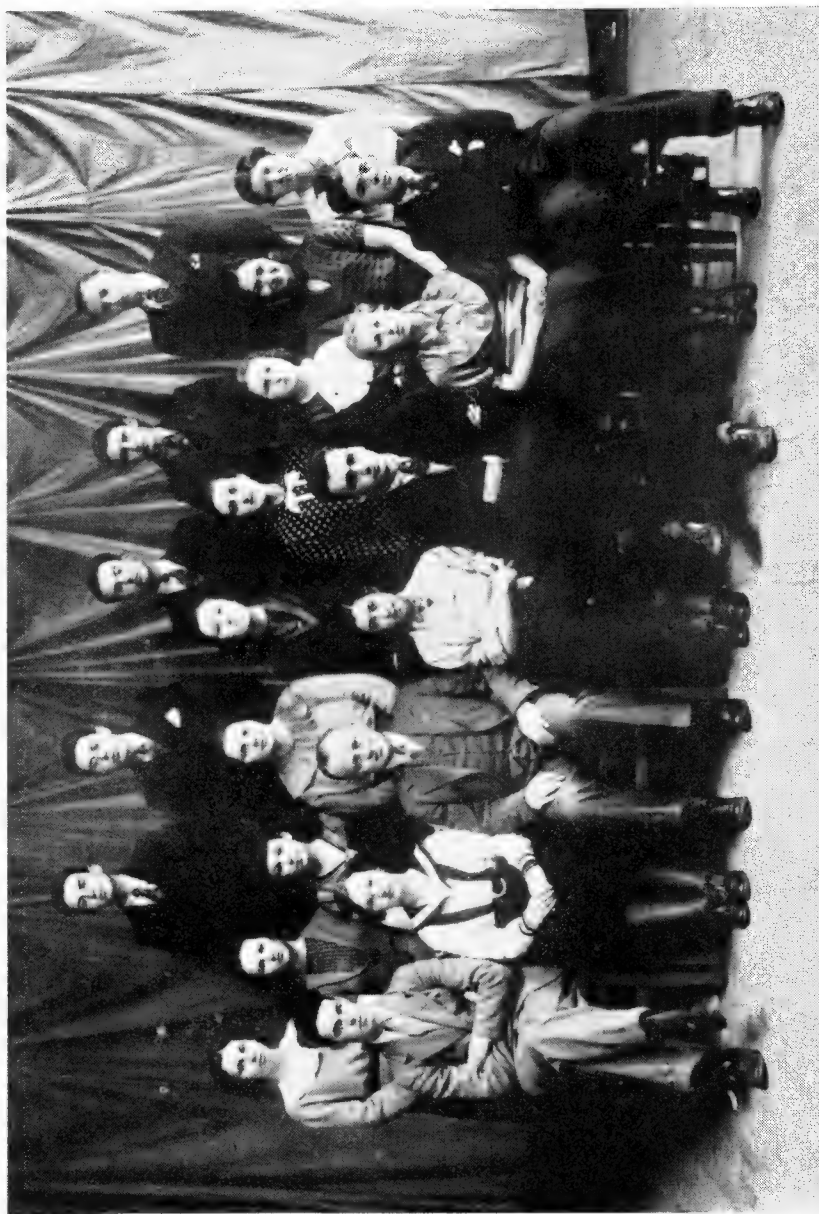
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... 1936 ...

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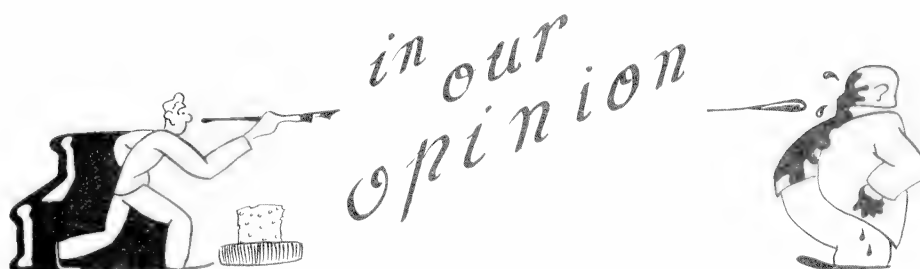
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## IN MEMORIAM

"GENTLEMEN—the King!"

For twenty-five years has this phrase rung out, while men lifted glasses and drank to a man they had never seen—a man about which they knew very little—a man they considered still less. For twenty-five years King George V was accepted, and put aside by an empire that only dimly realized the man he was. To-day the empire and the world mourn his passing, and in that mourning ponder, realize, and acclaim. King George V is dead. His son now rules. We have a new king now, but the memory of our old king will not soon fade. George V was a man—a gentleman and a king in every respect. Although theoretically nothing more than a figure-head, actually his power was wide-spread and all-embracing, for he held the confidence and the esteem of his people. He saw the empire through the great war and held his throne securely, while all about him monarchies crumbled and were replaced by other forms of government. He saw the empire through the greatest economic chaos that the world has ever known—chaos which has not yet been overcome but which has rapidly receded in England. He was instrumental in the prevention of a great deal of bloodshed in the Irish revolt, and his interest in prison reform and social betterment has al-

ways been deep and powerful. Not only in matters of state did he fulfil his duty as a king and a statesman, but in his home life also did he show his greatness, for he instructed his sons in the art of kingship and did his utmost to ensure that a wise and kind ruler would succeed him to the throne.

King George V was, perhaps, the symbol of the Empire—just, strong and kind: and most certainly he did much to maintain its solidarity and continuance. The common respect and love that the people bore him united them in a singleness of interest; and while the leaders of the great republics all over the world were criticized, scorned and heaped with political abuse and condemnation, King George stood aloof from the petty political bickering of his kingdom and in so doing unified and softened the emotions of an empire. People may talk of slavery and subordination, but as we look around now and see on every hand the sorrow of all persons great and small,—the tribute and loyalty of an empire—this slavery, if we term it such, is very desirable, for it unifies men of vastly different race, creed, and custom, and brings the world a step nearer to the millennium when all men will be united as brothers, and war will be forgotten. The death of King George is sad and an occasion for sorrow, and



yet it is also an occasion for joy, because it proves the unity of an empire whose loyalty was being questioned, and utterly revokes the idea that the throne is antiquated and a thing of the past.

Thus to-day, as men raise their glasses and drink to a new king, they remember the monarch who has just passed on, and, united in a common sorrow, the empire

looks to the new king with hope and loyalty. King George is dead, and in his death he has made stronger the power of the throne and the bonds of an empire, so that all down through the years to come men of the empire will rise and stand united as they pledge their allegiance to the throne when the phrase rings out—"Gentlemen—the King!"

—J. C.

### NATIONAL SCHOLARSHIPS

THERE has been considerable research work done during the past few years concerning a system of National Scholarships for Canada, and it is regrettable that our national press has not yet given this problem the publicity it deserves as a necessary part of Canada's present and future prosperity.

Today, Canada is facing exclusion from the markets of the world through increased competition from other countries which have already learned that, by systematically selecting their brilliant students and training them, they are able to increase the production for their various manufactured exports and at the same time cut production costs to a minimum.

Germany discovered the truth of this as long ago as 1880. After the Franco-Prussian war, unemployment and poverty were rife in that country. Thousands of German artisans, deprived of the opportunity of making a living at home, were emigrating to the United States, Canada, and South America. Realizing this, the German government took steps to stop the exodus. Germany proceeded to train the best brains of the youth of the country, with the result that her natural resources were developed, her trade expanded, new industries were founded, and work was provided for all. The excessive emigration was stopped, and, in a few years, Germany took the foremost

place in scientific research and development among the nations. Our own wheat market in Germany was smashed when German students were trained in the cultivation of the grain. Germany, in 1914, was importing 90 per cent of her wheat, chiefly from Canada. Now, although the soil and climate of the country are ill-suited to the growing of first-class wheat, 10 per cent of Germany's wheat supply needs to be imported, the other 90 per cent is produced in the country—and all because the Reich realized that it must give some help to its outstanding, though underprivileged students in gaining a specialized education.

For years Japan has been experimenting with Western technology in her various industries. She began by copying technical processes and products developed elsewhere and by an intensive program of scientific education for her outstanding scholars. The results are to be seen the world over. Electric light bulbs, made in Japan, sell in Canada for six cents, while Canadian-made bulbs are 25 cents each. Japanese watches are sold in Switzerland by the dozen or by the pound, many times cheaper than Swiss watches of the same quality. Huge silk mills in Lyons, France lie idle because Japan can sell silk in Lyons at one-third the price of French silk—and this is the "pagan" country on which the United States forced the "open door" policy of commerce as recently as 1868!



How has this been brought about in a nation that was still in a mediaeval state less than a century ago? Japan has at present a complete system of technical schools throughout the empire. There are six Imperial Universities, fully equipped for the scientific training of specialists for every conceivable industrial enterprise. The Japanese government spends annually more than \$600,000 to provide three hundred scholarships in the best foreign universities. There are 69 Research Institutes, 45 of them directly supported by the government, which employs over 1,000 scientific experts with 2,500 assistants. In addition, 1,000 men are employed in Tokyo alone to carry on research in electricity. And all this because Japan realizes the value of specialized training for her students.

Russia has 840 Research Institutes directly supported by the government, as well as 188 branches of the Central Institute at Moscow. In 1935, over eight thousand government-assisted students graduated from Russian universities to join the 50,000 already at work in laboratories and offices. *Five hundred million dollars* is being spent annually in this work—far more even than the Soviet's whole military and defence appropriations!

England has had a system of National Scholarships since 1918. Even little New Zealand, with its population of a million and a quarter, provides, through its government, for 2,000 annual scholarships of \$300 each.

The list of nations who have adopted a scheme of national scholarships for their own benefit is long and varied, and includes almost every major country on the face of the globe—except our own

Dominion of Canada. Surely we, with our ten million people, can make a humble beginning along these lines—say 1,000 scholarships annually, of \$400 each.

The major economic problems of our country today are to develop her resources, build up her industries, find new markets, create new industries, and reduce unemployment to a minimum. If the most brilliant minds of the students in Canada were to be trained in universities and allowed to spend their time in study and research, and then placed in positions of responsibility, not only in the service of the Government of Canada, but in private businesses, would not the general economic conditions of Canada improve? Would not these problems solve themselves?

Our natural resources are among the greatest in the world, yet only a small percentage of them is being developed, mainly through lack of skilled experts who know how to develop them properly. Research and technical training will develop and train the minds necessary for capable exploitation of our immense stores of natural resources. It will create new industries in Canada, and thus also help to develop her resources, to find new markets, and to reduce unemployment to a minimum.

This scheme of National Scholarships seems to be a nearer approach to a universal cure of our economic ills than anything yet suggested, and our present crisis demands that this constructive solution be discussed in the House of Commons in the very near future, and action be taken in this direction before Canada is hopelessly outdistanced in the race for new markets.



## SARNIA'S EARLY HISTORY

AS 1936 is Sarnia's Centennial Year, the "Collegiate" staff determined to relate the art work of the magazine to the Centennial motif. In most instances this plan has been carried through.

Now for a brief summary of the first beginnings of this settlement on the St. Clair River.

In 1627 La Roche Daillon, a Récollet missionary visited the Attawandaron Indians, then called the "Neutrals." These occupied villages in Western Ontario, one of which, St. Francis, was but a few miles from Sarnia.

The native-born Canadian, Joliet, in 1669 passed down the St. Clair River, known then as the "Otisissippi," which means "clear water." The following year the river was named River Sainte Claire by Father Hennipon, who was storm-bound at the foot of Lake Huron, familiar to the Neutrals as Karegnondi and to the Iroquois as Canatara. As late as 1770 there were still two mouths of the river open. Formerly there had been three.

The township of Sarnia was surveyed in 1829 and from a memo of the surveyor, it was learned that the site of the present post office had been under cultivation as an orchard for already one hundred and twenty-five years. Three years later Joseph La Forge and some squatters

settled along the Sainte Claire. Then, there were no roads, no wharves; sailing vessels or side-wheelers disembarked their passengers into the bushes on the river bank. In the same year came the first Protestant minister to the district, Rev. Thomas Turner, after whom Turner Hall is named.

In 1833 the first store was opened by George Durand. The next year brought Capt. R. E. Vidal, R.N., with his wife and family and later, Hon. Malcolm Cameron.

Thirteen log houses and one frame one constituted the settlement in 1835 when a dispute arose over a name. Up till then it had been called "The Rapids." The names wanted were "New Glasgow" and "Buenos Aires." Sir John Colborne, the Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada suggested "Sarnia," the Latin name for the island of Guernsey, of which he had been governor before coming to Canada.

At a meeting of the townspeople in 1836, a decision was reached. The official name was to be "Port Sarnia." Gradually the word "Port" was dropped and "Sarnia" thus remains as the name of the settlement on the St. Clair, this year celebrating its one hundredth birthday anniversary.

ELIZABETH JEAN PHILLIPS

## MODERN LANGUAGES IN OUR SCHOOLS

THERE is a feeling current among the public in general that the teaching of languages other than English in our schools is not only useless, but detrimental to the student.

This is a challenge, not only to every language teacher, but to each of us who has studied any foreign tongue.

The most obvious objective of the study of a foreign language is the acquis-

ition of a working knowledge of it, and the ability to read, speak and write it intelligently and effectively.

Besides these, in themselves worthy attainments, the study of a foreign language promotes a more effective use of English, and thus is invaluable and essential in our secondary school curriculum.

Some critics would limit the study of foreign languages to one or two years;



but they forget that this study is an *art* even more than it is a study, and, as such, requires continuous use and constant practice.

As to the most effective language for English-speaking students to study, there is little choice among French, German, and Spanish—the most commonly studied foreign languages.

French and Spanish, difficult of pronunciation, are comparatively easy to read. German, on the other hand, makes up for ease in pronunciation by its gram-

matical difficulties.

Which language to study does not matter. They are merely a means to an end. The essential thing is to study some language, for by studying foreign tongues we are taught to think, to reason clearly; we are given a broader outlook.

The study of languages in secondary schools cannot—must not be discontinued; for the knowledge of at least one foreign language is not only useful and helpful in later life, it is essential.



### EDWARD, R.I.

AT THIS period in the history of the universe, the eyes of the world are turned upon him who has recently ascended the British throne, to take the place left vacant by his most noble and beloved father, the late George V. It is with implicit faith and intense admiration that British subjects throughout the world are pledging allegiance to their new sovereign, who at this critical time has assumed the greatest responsibilities he has ever been called upon to face.

Never before has a British monarch come to the throne so well prepared for his task. The new king is a man well-versed in the affairs of the world, a man well-educated in the school of experience. His personal charm has endeared him to people far and wide; his genuine interest in his subjects, as evidenced by his frequent visits to the dominions, has caused his popularity to exceed that of any other living person.

By extensive travels, the King has acquired first-hand practical knowledge of the countries over which he now rules. He has come to know, by personal contact, all classes of British citizens. His association with them has given him a better understanding of them than would otherwise have been possible. He grips

the hand of peasant and peer with equal cordiality, feeling a sincere sympathy for those in unfortunate circumstances. Not only has the King visited the British dominions, but as a good-will ambassador has also visited several foreign countries where he was warmly welcomed.

In none of his training has the King been shown any special favours. His father sent him to the Royal Naval College at Osborne and Dartmouth when in his teens. Successively the Prince became cadet, midshipman, lieutenant, and captain in the royal navy. He was educated at Oxford and later at Cambridge. The war broke out a short time after he entered Cambridge and he insisted upon going to the front. When his father was inclined to refuse this request, because of the danger involved, the Prince declared that it would not matter whether he were killed or not, since there were four other princes. He spent four years at the front, during which time he won complimentary opinions from many other sources for his devotion to duty. Since the war, the Prince has been intensely interested in aviation—an evidence of his modern outlook and desire to keep abreast of the times.

His popularity as the Prince of Wales



was unrivalled. Wherever he went he was greeted by cheering, admiring crowds. Canada is especially favoured among British dominions, in having His Majesty as a citizen. The King's affection for his Canadian ranch is well-known; at an official banquet in Halifax, after his visit to the United States he declared, "I am intensely Canadian and I will never be happy if too many months go by without a visit to Canada." His visit to the Uni-

ted States, as elsewhere, was a great personal triumph for him. His magnetic personality has attracted people of all lands. His very clothes set the style for men's fashions throughout the world.

A man young, modern, determined, and well-loved by his people—such is Edward VIII, "by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, Ireland and the British Dominions Beyond the Seas King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India."

—HELEN REEVES



### HOMEWORK — A PROBLEM

THE day of simple aims in education is gone—has been for half a century. The school must now prepare specifically for any one of a hundred occupations; it must train in manners and morals, in aesthetic appreciation and for civic responsibilities; it must provide for physical development and religious growth.

The school curriculum must therefore be extensive enough to achieve the enlarged purpose of education, yet not enough to exhaust the strength and discourage the initiative of the student.

This dilemma is further complicated by a recent tendency to protest against outside preparation of studies—in a word, against "homework." There are so many activities outside the school of a definite educational value that the outcry against homework has reached deafening proportions. Not only pupils and parents, but physicians and psychologists, and even teachers join in protest.

Why are parents averse to homework? They are worried over their children's health. They are annoyed by insistent appeals for help in their problems. Possibly their own knowledge of the subject has become rusty or their methods outdated, and they are humiliated by their inability to respond. They may feel that

the teacher is shifting some of his responsibility onto the home; or they may feel resentful at the use of the child's leisure time for school-work.

The physician and psychologist see the disastrous results of nervous strain and eye-strain, the lack of outdoor life, and of leisure time. Each is liable to blame the most obvious factor—homework. But, does not this factor conceal others which contribute to the same injurious results—others such as late hours, excessive social obligations, unsuitable diet, and precocious experiences?

Considered from the teacher's angle, homework is decidedly unsatisfactory. Its faithful fulfilment is almost always in inverse proportion to the student's need of doing it. The pupils at the top of the class will be found to do their homework faithfully, those at the bottom, occasionally.

Then again, the student is very apt to do his home-work with a parent or an elder brother or sister on hand, to whom he turns with the slightest difficulty encountered. These difficulties increase alarmingly, and soon the student becomes a rather bored amannuensis, merely recording the fruits of another's industry, but gaining nothing in the process. There is as much "spoon-feeding" at home as there is at school.





If homework is so widely condemned, why does it continue to be an integral—a necessary part of our school studies?

It is not nearly so prevalent among young children as some parents think. The example set by local educational authorities, principals, and inspectors in their efforts to keep it within reasonable bounds is encouraging teachers to cover their courses with as little homework as possible. Still, it persists in the higher grades of Public Schools and is universal in High Schools.

If we wish to eliminate homework we must choose a satisfactory substitute, or else suffer a serious lowering of the educational standard of the graduating students. One alternative is to reduce the number of subjects to be studied, and to have each instruction period followed by one for *supervised* study, as is done in

some American High Schools. This system has been partially adopted here in the Sarnia Collegiate.

The only other alternative is to lengthen the school day—at least in the higher forms; but in that case the school should be partially responsible for the health and general physical well-being of the students.

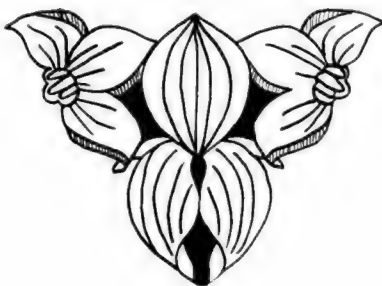
As such a proposal would be considered impractical by the Department of Education, the only solution which seems at all possible is that of increasing the number of supervised study periods during school hours—but *they must be adequately supervised*. A reduction in the number of subjects to be studied is a very poor way out, and can only result in just what is most to be avoided—a lowering of the educational standard of the graduate.



IT'S ABOUT TIME someone called attention to the work of the typists in publishing this magazine. Every word has to be typed before being printed, and the typists get little more than thanks for doing this immense amount of work.

So, for the trouble and work they have cheerfully and gladly done, we wish to thank them heartily.

Don't give the editors all the credit, save some for the typists!





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Middle Row: Mr. Mendizabal, Mr. Coles, Miss Ramsden, Miss Halliday, Miss LaPiere, Miss Weir, Miss Howden, Miss Welman, Miss Burriss, Miss Walker, Miss Dalziel, Miss McLachlin, Miss Harris, Mr. Fielding.

Front Row: Mr. Ritchie, Miss Kirk, Mr. Southcombe, Miss Burch, Miss Martin, Mr. Asbury, Miss McRoberts, Mr. Dent, Miss Walsh, Mr. Watson.



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1935-36

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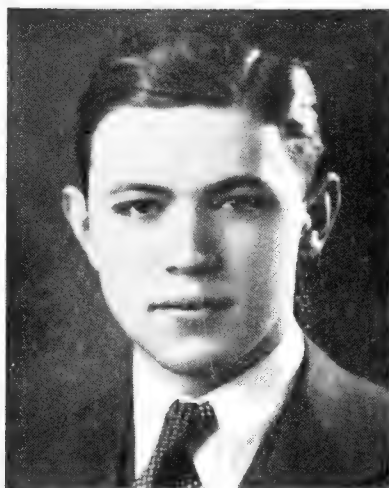
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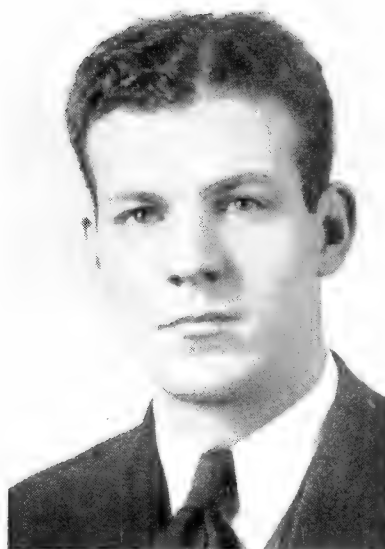


## Scholarships

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LOWRIE McKEGNEY



ERWIN FRASER

Last term, as usual, several students of Sarnia Collegiate distinguished themselves by winning scholarships, the total values of which are \$1,150.

Clara Winnifred Kerr was awarded the First Carter Scholarship for Lambton County, value \$100, for her excellent Departmental standing in June, 1935.

Nellie May Julien, for her standing in third and fourth years of the Collegiate Course, was given the D. M. Grant Scholarship, with cash value of \$50.

Edgar Lowry McKegney was awarded,

on his Departmental Examination record, June, 1935, the University of Western Ontario Scholarship, consisting of free tuition for two years, cash value \$200.

Samuel Irwin Fraser, on his Departmental Examinations and outstanding athletic record, won the coveted Sir Arthur Currie Scholarship of the University of Western Ontario, with \$400 cash for four years and four years free tuition. The total value is \$800.

Congratulations and best wishes!





THE exchange section has again been handled in the same way as last year. Instead of printing our comments and criticisms of the various school magazines, we have written personally to the different exchange editors, giving our comments. We think this plan will be more interesting to our readers.

The editor wishes to acknowledge the receipt of the following magazines:

ACADIA ATHENAEUM—Acadia University, Wolfville, Nova Scotia.  
 THE BUGLE—Crescent Heights High School, Calgary, Alberta.  
 THE BLUE—Christ's Hospital, West Horsham, Sussex, England.  
 THE FETTESIAN—Fettes College, Edinburgh, Scotland.  
 HERMES—Humberside Collegiate, Toronto.  
 THE KELVIN—Kelvin Technical High School, Winnipeg, Manitoba.  
 LAMPADION—Delta Collegiate Institute, Hamilton, Ontario.  
 THE LANTERN—Sir Adam Beck Collegiate Institute, London.  
 THE NORTHLAND ECHO—Collegiate Institute and Vocational School, North Bay.  
 THE PORCUPINE QUILL—Timmins, Ontario.  
 ORACLE—London South Collegiate Institute, London.  
 THE REVIEW—London Central Collegiate Institute, London.  
 SAINT ANDREW'S COLLEGE REVIEW—St. Andrew's College, Aurora.  
 SCHOOL NEWS—Royal Belfast Academical Institute, Belfast, Ireland.  
 VANTECH—Vancouver Technical School, Vancouver, British Columbia.  
 THE WATSONIAN—George Watson's College, Edinburgh.  
 THE ZEPHYR—Ridgetown High School.

It is always interesting to hear what other people think about us. We are printing some of the criticisms received about the 1935 "Collegiate."

VANTECH—Vancouver. "Your literary section is splendid, both prose and poems are of an interesting nature. 'Scits' serve up personals in an attractive dress. A fine magazine!"



CANADIAN FUNERAL SERVICE—Toronto. "It is a rather safe thing to say that the "Collegiate," the annual publication of the Sarnia Collegiate Institute for 1935 is the finest, largest and best of the series of annuals in the 30 years of its publication."

LAMPADION—Hamilton. "Good work. Another fine exchange. All your material is well arranged and humour is not lacking."

ACTA COLLEGE—Chatham. "Your magazine takes second place only to the 'Lantern' in our list of exchanges. Your material is really excellent! The editorials, essays, travelogs, poems—even your humor, which so often degenerates into a series of ancient 'wise cracks'—are the essence of literary beauty. Your school monogram in each corner, your 'Teachers' Corner' and the short quotation at the beginning of each department are good. However, your pictures for the most part are indistinct and therefore detract from the general appearance of the magazine. How about more illustrations and more careful arrangement of material?"



## BONERS

A circle is a straight line as curved as possible. It generally has a dot in the middle to show it is a circle.

A swastika is what you kill flies with.

Inferiority complex is a lens with the smallest bulge on the inside.

An undergraduate is not up to the mark.

Sorghum is from pigs' feet and is used for gum.

The difference is Chinese are Budests and the Japs are Budapests.

Australia is a very fertile country because many British settled there.

Cattle can stand the water better in Argentina because they have leather hides.

Canada has a modern rainfall.

Lines joining places with the same atmospheric pressure are called baritones.

The continental shelf is a shallow body of water. It's where fish come in spring to spoon.

Mammoths lived in the Plasticine Age.

The kings of Sparta could only sit on their council.

Timbuktu is a British naval station.

The king of the Phoenicians is called a Phoenix.

Great Britain exports wool and exiles.

King Alfred spent his life in fighting the dames.

The seaport of Paris is Boloney.

Cecil Rhodes went to Africa for the benefit of his wealth.

An alibi is what mothers sing their babies to sleep with sometimes.

In Palestine leopards have to go away and when they see anyone they say, "Unclean!"

Many people perished on the way but this did not stop them from going to California.

The king was not to order taxis without the consent of the parliament.

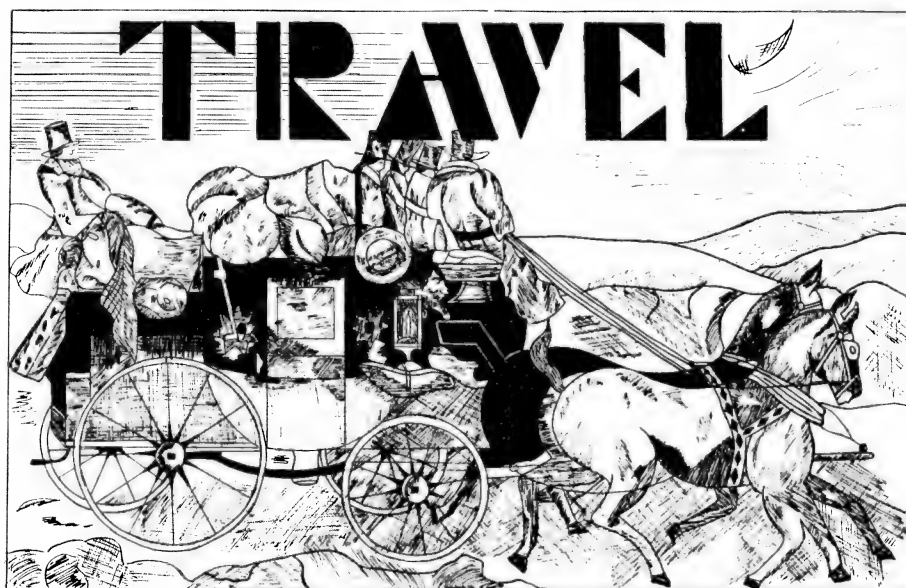
In U. S. A. people are put to death by elocution.

The Scotch would not join the Church of England so they went to the Free Church.

The Vacuum is in Rome where the Pope lives.

Contralto is a sort of low music that some ladies sing.

Lonfellow made many fast friends. Among the fastest were Alice and Phoebe Cary.



## A VISIT TO GARMISCH-PARTENKIRCHEN

VELDA ROBERTS

**W**ILL you go with me to the site of the 1936 Olympic Games? Yes, I mean to Garmisch-Partenkirchen. Garmisch-Partenkirchen are two rival towns situated in the southwest corner of Germany, sixty miles south of Munich, beneath the Bavarian Alps.

Their streets and the surrounding hills flash with colors of gorgeous sports costumes, sharp silhouettes of reds and greens and browns against a background of new-fallen snow. Crowded to the point of bursting with athletes from twenty-eight nations and with spectators from as many, picturesque Garmisch-Partenkirchen is truly the ideal setting for the Olympic Games.

Cafes remain open all night and a gigantic electric sign flashing from Mount Kreuzeck in five huge inter-locking rings signifying the five events on the program—bob-sledding, skiing, speed-skating, figure-skating and hockey—give a carnival atmosphere to the nights. During the days preparations are made for this

greatest—at least in the eyes of the contestants entered— of all Olympics.

Even Hitler is not idle during these days of preparation. His Nazi troopers in their brown uniforms, take advantage of the smiling villagers in their droll mountain hats to spread their propaganda, and try to influence people of other nations.

Let us go up to the tower of the Olympic rink, which is built on the flat floor of the valley near the railway station between the two rival towns. Straight ahead of us to the south lies the line of the Werdenfelser Alps—low near Mittenwalde on the east, and rising slowly to the peak of the Zugspitz in the west.

The foothills are clothed in evergreen forests. Above the timber line snow fields rise rather abruptly to the foot of the precipices and the peaks. In the eastern foreground, on the very edge of the valley behind Partenkirchen we can see the tall wooden tower of the Olympic ski jump, 140 feet high. From the take-off of this





jump to the floor of the valley is 200 feet.

Let us move a little nearer the window of this tower, and we can see with just a little difficulty a smaller Olympic jump, scene of the classical Norwegian ski contest—the combined eighteen kilometer race and jump. The descent is not very steep, but has a tricky habit of throwing the jumper into the air in such a fashion that he has a hard time hitting the landing at a proper angle.

We can also see from here the horseshoe stadium built at the foot of the two jumps. You can see also the tribunes set on stilts near the lips of the jump—a cosy place for press reporters to sit when the wind begins to blow off the not-too-distant Alps. That red brick clubhouse in the middle of the ski stadium has just been erected. It has, as you see, a glass front looking toward the jumps. In this building the presiding and visiting functionaries are installed where they can see and be seen. The ski relays all begin and end in the stadium below the jump.

We cannot visit the skiers dressing-rooms, but I will tell you some things about them. They certainly are not very luxurious, in fact they are under the stands and the skier must stay there until his time comes to get out on the jumping hill. Come, we must tarry no longer looking at the ski jumps for we have other things to see.

Let us go down from this tower and, as you see, between the horseshoe stadium and the cable railway there is a breach in the wall presented by these ski-scarred slopes. We can climb up through this gateway to the small mountain lake called the Riessersee Wis, hidden from the main valley and lying somewhat higher. You would be surprised if I told you that ordinarily this is a very quiet spot. I must tell you how it usually looks. Tall pines and evergreens crowd down to the edge of the lake. Above it lies one of the Werdenfeller peaks. At noonday it

is filled like a green chalice with sunlight. In the late afternoon it is rather mysterious and threatening.

Perhaps you will say to me, "Of what use is this lake to your Olympic sports? I will tell you. This lake has the almost unvarying tendency to stay frozen in winter. Most lakes in the Bavarian Alps have a tendency to become soft or, as we usually say, "thaw."

You can see that on the steep hill-side above the Riessersee lies the Olympic bob-run. If we were in an aeroplane we would see it has a remarkable resemblance to a giant hairpin. The curve of the spin is the Bavarian curve on the run, a sort of combination of the White-face and Shady Corner curves on the Lake Placid run.

The German run is not as fast, or as dangerous as its American predecessor. It is a little over a mile long and has fifteen curves. The novel feature of this run is the so-called labyrinth. It consists of eight sharp curves coming right on top of one another. The track as a whole is so constructed that the driver who goes into this labyrinth in a false position will either have to use his brakes until he is hopelessly behind or go over the edge.

Let us go back up into the tower of the Olympic rink. If you are tired you may sit down by this window and rest awhile. Many of the people sitting here are tired of breakneck competition, and are admiring the graces of Henje, Hulthen, Colledge, Herber and Vinson. The fancy skating competition is very keen. When the rink is not being used by the skaters you may see the hockey teams in practice.

I think you will agree with me that never have the Olympics been staged in a more colourful setting. The presence of the Werdenfeller Alps, which are not quite majestic, but somehow large quite Majestic, but somehow large enough to provide a sense of Alpine



solemnity, the presence of the chromatic towns in the valley, and the Bavarian Alps are all part of a slightly fantastic picture. I believe we have seen all there

is to see now. Let us go back to our hotel and rest before the evening's entertainment begins.

### WHEN IN FRANCE DO NOT EAT AT AN AMERICAN RESTAURANT

A. R. MENDIZABAL

IT was about 1912 that my cousin Carlos, an Argentine friend and myself had just arrived in Paris. Previously, while travelling through South America, we had met several instances where the natives tried, and generally succeeded in over-charging foreigners, who were not acquainted with the customs of the country. We had been warned repeatedly by experienced fellow passengers about the many "sharks", who prey on the unsuspecting traveller.

From the station we took a cab direct to the Hotel Capucines, which had been recommended to us in London. We were full of curiosity to see the sights and to spend a few days in this city of romance and history and the scene of so many thrilling novels. We were hungry, but the price of supper at the hotel was rather high. It would be more fun, and economical too, to look for a restaurant; besides, in this way we would be starting on our sight-seeing tour.

Thus we sauntered into the *Boulevard de Capucines*—a beautiful street, well lighted, clean, and crowded with the most picturesque people in the world. The open air tables in front of *cafés*, the crowds of merry and noisy Parisians filled us with pleasurable anticipation. Some men stopped us and told us of the many *Palais-de-Danse* where we would find entertainment—we passed on. A woman asked us if we would like to find some place of amusement—we walked faster.

We were a little suspicious of French restaurants and Parisians of the street,

and just as we decided to return to the hotel, there loomed before our eyes a brightly-lighted entrance above which shone in good honest letters, "American Restaurant." Here was just the place for us, straight prices, English spoken and probably help yourself service, a la Bowles.

We entered the street door, and from behind an inner glass door out came a well groomed Parisian in full dress suit, who with a bow invited us to come in. Apparently the opening of that inner door was the sign for two pretty girls, in short black silk skirts, to come tripping towards us and take our hats and the cane and gloves carried by our Argentine friend. Where were the Americans? I had a sudden misgiving and suggested that we turn back. My cousin would not hear of it, saying: "If we back out they will know that we do not know how to act. Remember, for the sake of our country, we must show the Parisians that we are men of the world." So, in our confusion we were led by another starched-shirted man through a magnificent drawing room filled with pictures of art, glassware, large mirrors and candelabra; we dodged around palm trees and fountains and finally were led to a table for four. Two other waiters were ready to place our chairs for us. "Monsieur ici, Monsieur là". I asked the head waiter if they spoke English. He promptly answered "Oh, yes, oui, oui, yes Sir!" and he called a third waiter who would act as interpreter. By this time I decided that I would let my cousin, the man of



the world, order our dinner. He managed it somehow.

While I was trying to guess at the cost of our first meal in Paris, two waiters wheeled a large dinner-waggon laden with olives, little fish, salads, soup, and in the center of all, the largest red lobster I had ever seen. While the waiters were arranging our plates, another personage came with the wine list. I suggested soda water, but my cousin explained that I meant champagne, which was wheeled in, in a large ice bath, together with different brands of *havanas* (expensive cigars), and the greatest variety of liqueurs. By this time I decided that we might as well enjoy our meal without worrying over the price.

All good things come to an end; we asked for our bill and I must say my cousin acted the man of the world, as he did not show any emotion at seeing the amount. The only English about the Restaurant was the price of 3 guineas and 5 shillings (\$16.25) for the three of us.

I paid the bill, as the others did not

have the amount, took all my change and started for the door asking my friends to pay for the tips. As I rushed towards the doors, I had to pass between the three waiters, the head waiter, and the two hat girls who were lined up to receive their tips. I pointed back towards my cousin who was busy digging in his pockets for change. He admitted afterwards having spent his last fifteen shillings.

The next day we went sight-seeing in one of Thomas Cook's buses and I started to talk with a guide, a Swiss who spoke many languages fluently. We became friendly, and I told him about our experiences of the night before. He told us that he could show us a good restaurant where we could get dinner at a reasonable price. At noon we went with our guide to a small clean French restaurant. He warned us not to ask in any language but French, and if we could not do so, just to point at the menu. We ordered our dinner, a good one, with wine included for the large sum of one franc per plate (twenty cents).

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## ROCKEFELLER CENTRE

JOHN DANNER

**F**INANCED with two hundred and fifty millions of Mr. John D. Rockefeller's several billions—thanks to Standard Oil of New Jersey—Radio City rises in Manhattan's midst—a thin sheet of cement—its main building some thirty times as high as it is wide. The miracle of why it does not topple over remains one of its greatest wonders.

As a matter of fact, the Centre consists of a dozen buildings, all of them draped in stone carvings of modernistic design; but the main one, the one that apparently sways in the sky, contains the broadcasting studios, Radio City Music Hall, and the terraced gardens, and is the

one we shall consider most extensively.

The Centre occupies three blocks, and only half of the dozen buildings are completed. Provision has been made for business offices, centres of international commerce, restaurants, and two miles of shops.

The largest building—the R. C. A.—rises seventy stories—eight hundred and fifty feet—and has a larger floor area than any other office building in the world. Let us visit three of its high spots.

THE RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL was built, and at first operated under the late "Roxy." This auditorium is the largest



motion picture theatre in the world. The spectator enters a block-long lobby of blood-red drapes and silver chromium features, stands in diffused light, and sinks deep into soft carpets. Doors of black carved glass lead into the auditorium, wherein over six thousand spectators can be seated at one time. The room is made up of sweeping arcs of steel, covered with gold leaf. At first, Roxy ordered them to be painted in varying hues so as to represent a sunset sky. The job completed, he one day decided that he didn't like the effect, and ordered the whole business covered with gold-leaf—an expensive change of mind! The stage curtain, weighing several tons, is divided into thirteen sections, each handled by an electric motor. The stage is divided and subdivided into sections that can be raised and turned into any arrangement desired, thus adding scope and colour to the stage presentations, which are the most brilliant of their type in the world. Some idea of Roxy's lavish hand may be gained from the chandelier of the Radio Centre theatre, a smaller enterprise situated in another building of the Radio City Group. Panelled entirely in costly woods, this theatre boasts a chandelier so enormous that it requires sliding sheets of glasswork to offset the cracking that would result from the expansion due to the heat generated!

**RADIO STUDIOS**—We ascend swiftly and noiselessly in elevators of African ebony to the top stories of the R. C. A. building. There are many studios, all of them controlled by a circular room, manned by a dozen operators, its walls covered with ebony and chrome switches, and walled with glass. Needless to say, it is sound-proof. The studios are situated along a central hall, thickly carpet-

ed, and are literally suspended in rubber insulation, to prevent shock waves from travelling from one room to another. There is a layer of this rubber between every pair of walls. The studios range in size from rooms fifteen by eighteen, for the use of individual performers, or small groups, such as quartets, to a modernistically decorated hall of silver and scarlet, seating fifteen hundred spectators, in which the broadcast is done from a large stage at one end of the hall. From this hall emanate such programs as Ed Wynn's, Eddie Cantor's, the Ziegfeld Follies of the Air, and others, which outsiders are permitted to witness. There is no charge—the tickets are gifts of the programs' sponsors. On this floor, too, is located the million-dollar cooling plant of the R. C. A. building, with its long, low chambers of condensing coils, totaling many miles.

**OBSERVATION TOWER**—We again ascend, past Roxy's quarter-million dollar pent-house—a gift of Rockefeller—and step out into a modern Garden of Babylon—the terraced roof of the R. C. A. Building. Two or three stories in height, dressed in carved marble of futuristic design, it extends the full length of the building at that point and affords a view of all Manhattan.

Here is situated the Rockefeller Night Club, with its famed Rainbow Room, a very popular spot, glass enclosed, affording a night view of a million incandescent torches, outlining Manhattan's rock. In the daytime, the sky and the clouds seem to swallow you up at such a height and you forget for a moment the statue of Liberty, saluting you from across the waters, even the flowered terraces on which you are standing.



## ACROSS THE NORTH ATLANTIC IN A CARGO BOAT

W. G. COLES, B.A., ED.M.

FOR those who have a desire to travel to foreign parts, yet for personal reasons do not wish to take the regular or luxury liners, the cargo boats, or freighters offer an opportunity full of interest of a kind not found on the regular ships.

Accommodation on these ships is the most desirable on board, as all the cabins are amidships. Reservations should be made, not weeks, but months ahead, as stateroom space is limited and demand is great. Life on board is entirely different from that on a liner. Passengers are few in number (usually twelve or less), but some of the newer "cargo liners" accommodate as many as eighty. One of the most interesting features of the trip is the close contact with the personnel of the ship. The officers and crew, when off watch, do all in their power to make the trip interesting; they have travelled widely and are experts in their own line.

On Saturday, July 13, the good ship *Sneaton*, a small bulk freighter of about 2175 tons, left Sorel, Quebec, loaded with Canadian wheat consigned to the United Kingdom. It was a bright morning with blue sky full of white "wool-packs"—a typical St. Lawrence country day. The pilot on the bridge promised us a fine run to Quebec City, with "spots" of rain en route. Both shores of the St. Lawrence were plainly seen, and the panorama, as it unfolded, became more interesting as we journeyed eastward. Dull, grey rain clouds covered the sky late in the afternoon: when we passed the Citadel of Quebec the top parts were hidden in fog, but later they broke sufficiently to allow of a view of the beautiful Montmorency Falls.

Next day was clear and sunny, and when the pilot boat left us at Father Point the sky was almost cloudless.

The St. Lawrence widens considerably

below Father Point and we soon found it difficult to distinguish points on the south shore; however, tiny villages could be seen nestled along the Perron Boulevard. The north shore became more interesting with the rugged hills coming down to the water's edge.

After two days, routine on board is well established. The ship furnished deck chairs free to the passengers and one of the most attractive features of the trip was the use made of these chairs. Every day of the trip the passengers enjoyed the fresh sea air and sunshine, as one could always find some sheltered place on the deck. The speed of the ship, about nine knots, enabled constant enjoyment of these privileges. This feature of freighter travel cannot be too strongly praised. Weather continued fair across the Gulf. During that time the Captain explained the course he planned to follow. He did not know our port of destination, but would receive instruction by wireless. Other ships ahead advised him of the weather conditions in their locality. The straits of Belle Isle were blanketed by fog and "full" of bergs and growlers, as this summer was a record year for ice, and an unusually large amount was carried into the straits.

Monday rose clear and fine with no fog in sight, so the captain's dream of a short cut north of Anticosti Island was realized. During the day patches of fog obscured the sun and shut visibility to about a mile. Tuesday evening set in dull, foggy and rainy; we were now at the western entrance to the straits. The Captain decided the weather conditions were too dangerous to venture further, so we anchored for the night.

Soon after eight next morning, the fog cleared and with bright sun and clear horizon the *Sneaton* proceeded on her



voyage. The passengers were more delighted at this auspicious beginning of the day, as they visualized a quick passage through the straits. They were reminded by the sailors "not to praise a day too early in the morning." One old salt, who had served on Q-ships during the war, promised some excitement before the day was over.

About noon the lookout hailed the bridge that the first iceberg was in sight; it was just visible in the haze a few miles north. Soon they were appearing more frequently. Two o'clock brought a warm south wind and in a short time a blanket of fog covered the sea and shut visibility to about half a mile, but the Sneaton proceeded steadily on her way. Bergs appeared with greater frequency and every precaution was used by the officer on watch to give them as wide berth as possible: this necessitated a constant change of course. All afternoon the Sneaton weaved her way through an ever-increasing number of bergs. Many of these were so large that our ship, by comparison, seemed like a chip on the water. At four, the afternoon watch was over, and the second officer, who had been in command since noon, was delighted to have the strain over for a few hours. But there was no relief for the captain as he was continually on the bridge through the ice area. Towards five o'clock, a strong westerly wind cleared off the fog. A glorious sight appeared before us. In less than half an hour not a patch of fog was visible. The sun shone from a cloudless sky, and showed about forty bergs of various sizes, floating majestically in the deep blue sea. In size they varied from a small growler, the size of our ship, to one towering high above the masts, covering an area the size of the Imperial Oil plant. An interesting feature about them was their variety of shapes—some were like a grain elevator, others like cruisers, still others like a submarine just awash—these latter, called growlers, were the most

dangerous, particularly at night, when they are so difficult to see. These great masses of almost pure white ice, shining in the bright afternoon sun, with the deep blue sea for background, made a never-to-be-forgotten sight.

Gradually they became less in number as we proceeded eastward, and by seven in the evening we were well into the Atlantic with only an odd one in sight. After sunset we were glad to seek the shelter of the comfortable saloon with its cheery open grate fire of Welsh coal. Here again is another advantage of freighter travel; the comforts of the warm saloon are available when deck air is too cold for comfort.

Thursday morning rose clear, cold and bracing—not a ship in sight but everywhere the deep blue of the North Atlantic, gently rolling in its characteristic manner. At noon we passed the last sight of ice and could feel reasonably sure of having passed through the most dangerous area. The real pleasure of freighter travel is now experienced. In port, every effort of the crew was exerted to stow the cargo on board; immediately after sailing many jobs had to be done to make the ship ready for sea. Now we have before us seven days of Atlantic travel, and the officers and crew do everything they can to make life pleasant and interesting. The Captain may invite one to the sacred precincts of the navigating bridge and chart room to explain the course he proposes to follow. No one on board is a sailor, in the estimation of the chief engineer, until he has taken a trip through the "tunnel"—that portion below the water line, where the drive shaft connects the engine with the propeller. One must traverse this "subterraneum" to its full length until one is standing beside the aft compartment, beyond which is the Atlantic. The apprentices escort you through their quarters, and every part of the ship is open for inspection if you care to see it, except one part, which is "taboo"



except by invitation. The navigating bridge and wheel house are sacred—no admission except on the invitation of the officer on watch.

Days pass quickly as we plough steadily eastward. Unless our ship is fast enough to overtake another, or slow enough for one to overtake us, the ocean is void of sail. Eastbound and westbound traffic keep their own separate lanes. Life on board never lacks interest—one may read or play games as one wishes without being bored, as one might be on the "passenger-infested" decks of a liner. The officers take pains to instruct passengers how differently a cargo boat acts from a passenger vessel. Probably this helped more than any other single factor to keep the passengers from *mal de mer*. No symptoms of it developed on our eastbound trip.

When we left Sorel we did not know our exact port of destination, so it was a great satisfaction to us when we were informed by wireless that we were to dock at the Royal Victoria, London. This announcement was made on Wednesday, July 24.

On Friday, shortly after daybreak, we sighted Bishop's Rock, the first indication of nearing land. The Atlantic was crossed and we were now in the English Channel. Conditions could not be more favorable for an enjoyable sail in these historic waters—the air clear and warm, the sun shining from a bright blue sky.

The variety of ships in the channel adds interest to the trip; all varieties were in the marine parade, from the tiny brown-sailed trawlers, the coaster tramps and deep sea sargo boats to the palatial passenger liners.

Next morning at daybreak, we were favored with a rare sight—sunrise over the Isle of Wight! At times we glimpsed the English country-side. During the morning we sighted a four-masted Finnish barque under full sail—a grand sight,

with the white canvas against the deep blue background.

At Dungeness the pilot came aboard, with all the dignity of an admiral boarding his flagship. Our course now brought us much closer to land. We had a fine view of the white cliffs of Dover with the forts and harbor. We entered the North Sea after sundown. The long rows of lights to port were the summer resorts at Margate and other watering-places on the south-east coast. About eleven, another mile-long row appeared to the starboard; this was Southend, and we were now in the Thames. At 2 a.m. we dropped anchor to wait for high tide before proceeding up the river. We had a fine view of the Tilbury Docks, which rival Liverpool in commercial importance. Here the point of departure of the P.&O. line for India, the Orient line for Australia, and the Cunard Service. Opposite is Gravesend, the headquarters of the river pilots. In the river were anchored dozens of tugs to serve the incoming traffic, as no ship of any size can pass here without aid. Escorted by three tugs, the Sneaton proceeded up the river.

From Tilbury to the Victoria Dock is about twenty miles. Such a variety of scenery on this stretch of river would make a whole story in itself. The tiny Thames barges, with their russet sails dart here and there across the river. The shore is lined with huge industrial plants and storage warehouses. The King George V dock, the newest of the system, can be entered at any stage of the tide. Near it are the Royal Albert and Royal Victoria Docks. The variety of shipping here ranges from tiny flat-bottom barges, coasters, Norwegian lumber ships, and grain boats to the luxury liners plying to all parts of the world. Our final berth at the Royal Victoria Dock was reached about ten-thirty, July 28, just fifteen days after leaving Sorel.



## THE STAMPEDE

MARIE FORBES

THE word "stampede" brings to the mind of Eastern Canadian a vivid picture of cattle stampeding in wild confusion across the barren prairie. This was, no doubt, the meaning of the word in early pioneer days but in modern times it has a very different significance.

The streets of Calgary were dressed in flags and gay bunting, and horse-troughs were erected in front of magnificent and humble hotels alike. Overnight a typical pioneer western town had sprung up in preparation for the coming event.

When the day dawned the streets were filled with a surging mass of people moving in the direction of the opening parade. And what a marvellous spectacle to behold! The officials of the city led it, and were followed in close array by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police in their blue breeches and scarlet tunics, the Canadian Lancers with their pennants flying, then the true pioneers of this great land of ours, the Indians. Stolid-faced they rode along on their picturesque mounts with beaded trappings. Indians of every tribe were represented and each had its own type of artcraft exhibited. Close be-

hind this came the whooping, roaring cowboys.

This is their annual holiday and is eagerly anticipated from year to year. For one week Calgary throws open its doors and true Western hospitality is experienced by spectator, performer and visitor.

During the week, events are held twice daily and are eagerly attended by thousands. People from all over the continent come to witness the historic pageants, buck-board races, bronco-busting and other feats of Western skill.

Here we see the Royal Canadian Mounted Policeman riding in close contact with his former foe, the Red Man. On one platform is pictured the pageantry of early Western pioneers while on the next one are seen beautiful chorus girls dancing the carioca.

For one week the modern and pioneer walk hand in hand. Then, as the week ends in a glare of fireworks, quiet reigns once more over Calgary and people resume their normal existence while they look forward to the next year's stampede.

• ♦ •

 A TRIP ABROAD

JEAN DUNCAN, 3C.

HAVING noticed the many varied posters advertising ocean voyages, you are probably looking forward to the time when you will be enjoying one yourself. Let me sketch for you the one I took to England recently.

We left Sarnia on the 5.40 p.m. train Thursday night for Montreal, arriving there Friday morning at 7 a.m. Immediately we took a bus to the Cunard Docks and boarded our steamer, the "Aurania." Each person received rolls of streamers to throw to the people on the dock, and

as the boat pulled away from shore these broke one by one. When the final one snapped, we experienced a lonely sensation, as if our last link with home and friends had been severed.

Our journey down the St. Lawrence was most enjoyable, and the scenery so beautiful that our feelings of loneliness were dispelled at once. At Father Point, the last place at which mail was put off, our pilot also disembarked. The first night the dining-room was attractively decorated with streamers and balloons,





and at each place there were favours, whistles, and a special menu card. This was called "Carnival Dinner," and was very friendly and the trip augured well.

During the ocean voyage our entertainment at night consisted of plays, musicales, several orchestras, and dancing. In the daytime there were the gymnasium activities and all kinds of deck sports. Church was held each Sunday morning in the dining-room, and a daily paper was printed on board ship.

Before long we had made friends with many of the other passengers, and when the pilot who was to guide us into Plymouth Harbour came on board, we hated to think of losing some of our party. From Plymouth we crossed the English Channel to Havre, France, then recrossed the Channel again to London, England, where we landed at Tilbury Docks. Gathering together all our luggage we took a special train to St. Pancras Station, London, a taxi to Waterloo Station, and another train to Fleet, where we intended making our headquarters. Fleet is about an hour's ride from London. After a day's rest we were ready to see the sights.

Our first sight-seeing walk was up to Beacon's Hill—Caesar's Camp as it was called. On the way down we picked up some warm cartridge shells, and blamed the warmth on the sun. However, we were informed later that the Hill had been forbidden ground that day, as the soldiers from Aldershot were using it for target-practice.

Our next trip was to Oxford. On the way we stopped at Dorchester to see the old Cathedral, or Abbey of St. Peter and St. Paul, which dates back to 1100 A.D. The interior was beautiful, the red tiles being of Roman origin. Oxford with its twenty-three colleges is called the "city of spires." Here we spent some time in St. Mary's Church where the three martyrs, Ridley, Cramner and Latimer were imprisoned before being burned to death. A beautiful monument has been erected to

their memory. Magdalene College, founded in 1458, was where King Edward received his final education.

Another day we visited Gibbet Hill, on which a huge cross marks the spot where three murderers were gibbeted or cut to pieces. These three murderers were the last to receive such punishment in England.

Our trip to Windsor Castle was a very memorable one, also. This ancient building dates back to the time of Edward the Confessor, 1042-1066. Here we went through the State Apartments where the Royal Family sometimes resides. The Grand Staircase leading to these apartments is decorated with fine specimens of arms and armour of the fifteenth to eighteenth centuries, inclusive. The ceiling of the dining-room is a painting representing a Banquet of the Gods. The walls were all tapestry-covered. The room called St. George's Hall is the largest in the castle and was built by Edward III. The ceiling, walls and windows are decorated with the Arms of all the Knights of the Garter from the origin of the Order—1344—to the present time. The carpet covering the floor of the Waterloo Gallery is the largest ever manufactured in one piece, and was made for Queen Victoria in Agra Prison. In the Round Tower in this Castle many persons were held captive in days gone by. Now these rooms are the official headquarters of the Governor of the Castle, an office which dates back to the reign of William the Conqueror. The Albert Memorial Chapel, another room, was remodelled by Queen Victoria, as a memorial to her husband, the Prince Consort. Next to this is the St. George's Chapel. The floor is paved with square blocks of black and white marble, under which several sovereigns are buried.

One of our most interesting days was spent at Madame Tussaud's Wax Works. Though the exhibits here are of wax, they are extremely lifelike. To fully appre-



ciate this wonderful work of art, you would have to see it for yourself. Here we saw figures of all the Royal Family dressed in their own clothes, also figures of many other notable personages. Among the exhibits are some original relics. The most marvellous of these is the guillotine knife which beheaded Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette and countless others of the French Revolution. Another relic is the key to the principal door of the Bastille, and a third is all that is left of the Military Travelling Carriage of the Emperor Napoleon I. In the Chamber of Horrors, a second section of the Wax Works, are all the great murderers, dating as far back as 1837. Some of these figures are dressed in the clothes that the murderers wore when they performed their crimes.

Next we went to St. Paul's Cathedral. In the crypt we saw the huge gun-carriage which carried the body of the Duke of Wellington back to England. From this Cathedral we went to the Tower of London, which covers an area of eighteen acres. Here the oldest and most important building is the White Tower. A moat surrounds it, now dry, but in olden times filled with water. At present it is used as a parade ground. Down in the crypt is the gun-carriage used at the funerals of Queen Victoria, Edward VII and George V. It was in this Tower that many were held captive, and, in the yard,

a cross marks the spot where the beheadings took place. It was in the house of the Yeoman Gaoler, another building on these grounds, that Lady Jane Grey lived when a prisoner, and from its windows saw her husband go forth to his execution, his headless body brought back, and her own scaffold being prepared. The Bloody Tower, a wierd-looking place, is now empty. At the entrance are displayed some of the instruments of torture, such as the iron cage. This is a small cage in which the victim was locked, hung up on a pole without food or water, and left to endure the stifling heat of day, the biting cold of night, until death mercifully released him from his torture. The Wakefield Tower is where the Crown Jewels are kept. Among these is the Queen's Crown of State, containing 2,818 diamonds, 297 pearls and many other beautiful, costly gems.

Another day we visited the London Museum, where all the Royal Robes are kept. Here are displayed the King's Coronation Robes, and Queen Victoria's wedding and going-away gowns.

After a very pleasant two months holiday in England, we boarded our homeward-bound steamer, the "Ausonia," and soon were again on Candian soil. Home once again! Now our journey is just a pleasant memory.





## PASSING OF THE THIRD FLOOR FRONT

"AN INDEPENDENT  
PAPER"

The Weather:  
SIMPLY AWFUL



**FINAL**  
EDITION  
★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## Gasbag Gazette

"SEES NO EVIL - HEARS NO EVIL - TELLS NO EVIL"

VOL. 3 NO. 1

6 PAGES

SARNIA - ONTARIO

PRICE - 2

## LONE SWIMMER DEFIES AUTHORITIES

### Lad Discovered in Swimming Tank—Dries Clothes in Boiler Room

Sarnia, Oct. 19.—Yesterday, one of the students of our school, a certain D. Austin, was discovered by our enquiring reporter (darn his hide), swimming illicitly in the tank.

The culprit was observed to dive fully clothed into the tank after a furtive glance around.

At the time of the incident, the culprit was wearing his ordinary clothing, obviously in a clumsy attempt to escape notice. After disporting himself for several minutes, he climbed out and made his way to the boiler room, where he disrobed and dried his clothing, which was somewhat damp.

An interesting sidelight on the incident was the type of dive employed by Mr. Austin. To the casual onlooker, this dive would have appeared to have been very carelessly carried out, but it was, in reality, one of the cleverest exhibits of the natatory art yet seen in

this institution.

In performing this dive, Mr. Austin strode casually along the border of the pool, placed his left foot carefully on the edge, then elevated his right leg above his head in a graceful arc, describing a circle in the air, and struck the water flatly and squarely. This difficult dive, known to experts as the Double Reverse Japanese Corkscrew, has never before been attempted in the school tank, and Mr. Austin is to be congratulated on his courage and daring in essaying such a feat, hampered, as he was, by clothing.

Mr. Austin, we feel, should be encouraged to master the art of swimming, and we are sure that with just a little more practice he will develop into one of Sarnia's best floaters; but his habit of practising in the pool is being frowned upon by the authorities, and thus his opportunities for practice are very limited.

## STOP-PRESS NEWS

### Teacher Goes On Strike— Demands Apology From Class

Sarnia, Apr. 31.—E. G. A. (B.A.), eminent French pedagogue of this institution, has, it was learned from a reliable source, refused to teach his 3-C class until an apology is made.

According to reports, Mr. A. asked his class to translate the sentence—"We live in Sarnia"—and waited six minutes for an answer. None being forthcoming, he demanded an apology, and immediately initiated his new policy of making the students learn for

themselves, instead of learning for them.

New developments are expected soon. (See later edition).

### POLICE COURT NEWS

The following was the verdict by a jury in a suit against a United States railroad company:

"If the train had run as it should have run; if the bell had rang as it should have rung; if the whistle had blown as it should have blown, both of which it did neither, the cow would not have been injured when she was killed."

### STRANGE CASE OF THE MISSING MATH. TEACHER

#### Spirited From Stronghold

#### By Minions Of the

#### Law

Sarnia, Nov. 7.—This morning the flying squad of our local constabulary carried out a raid on an Algebra joint discovered on Wellington Street. From an unknown source information was received that students were periodically enticed into the dive and doped with Geometry, Algebra, and various other deadly drugs.

#### Windows Hermetically Sealed

When entered, the room was discovered to be hermetically sealed, and the windows defied all attempts to open them. Another strange thing, inexplicable to investigators, was the immense quantity of small bits of chalk with which the floor of the room had been strewn. Police are working on a theory and already have obtained a star witness, a mysterious Mr. A., who was found loitering about the scene.

Under questioning, Mr. A. admitted participating in several Geometry orgies held on the premises, but when pressed further, would give no details.

Police report that a person closely resembling Mr. A. was seen several times tampering furtively with punch-boards in the business section of the city.

No arrests have been made as yet, but police officials are, nevertheless, hourly expecting something to turn up.—(Copyright, Macaroni Cable & United Press).



## :EDITORIAL:

Who said "nothing ever happens at the S. C. I. & T. S.?" Was it some of the youthful first and second formers or was it some of our disillusioned Vth formers? This phrase "nothing ever happens" has been given so often to the editors of the Gasbag-Gazette, that we think our dear old S. C. I. has been one "Grand Hotel." However school seems to be going on—

Mr. Andrews still holds forth in 313 slyly poking around into everyone's business while his Mechanic's class marvel at the skill with which he performs his faultless experiments in this subject.

Mr. Dennis' hair turns white trying to discover the why of his four early morning visitors; but perhaps Tolmie could enlighten him on this subject.

Miss Walker is getting more personal every day. Imagine asking Logie Allan "what he got at Christmas." (Maybe she thinks Logie's still an infant). Anyway, we know she considers Kay Taylor the perfect little lady of the school.

Mr. Fielding, after his daily inspiring musical hour, demonstrates to I-D how Mr. Asbury spills so much red ink on the reports.

Speaking of Mr. Asbury, what possessed him to get so angry with our prize students, Bob and Bunt the Friday after Easter?

With Detective Adie keeping an eagle eye on the girls' locker room June and Lo's just can't finish their sweaters.

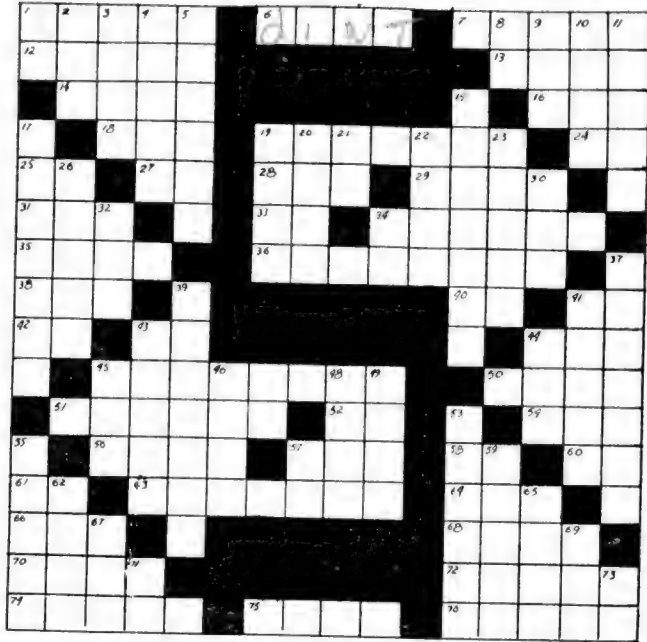
These are just a few incidents that have occurred at the S.C.I. & T.S. which we are submitting to the Debating Club, who having finish "Resolved: that girls should pay half" (are our boys 1 kers?—!) will, we hope, take on the subject "Nothing ever happens at the S. C. I. & T. S."

## LOST AND FOUND

Found: One sheer chiffon stocking on the doorknob of 107. (Are you interested Dori?)

Lost: Julia Gort's ambition—gone for days—anyone hearing of its whereabouts, do not inform.

Found: Mr. Asbury's voice after a week's disappearance.



C. Stover.

## HORIZONTAL

- 1 — for a date
- 6 You have a — in your fender
- 7 To coat with metal
- 12 Seasoning
- 13 Verbal
- 14 Above
- 16 Greek letter for E
- 18 Woman's name
- 19 B—
- 24 By
- 25 A state (abb.)
- 27 "It" in German
- 28 Author of "Kidnapped"
- 29 Eight (prefix)
- 31 Thirsty
- 33 Upon
- 34 Regular
- 35 The man hanged for the Red River Rebellion
- 36 Writes (pl.)
- 38 Type measure (pl.)
- 40 "Of" (French)
- 41 Collegiate Institute (abb.)
- 42 Pronoun
- 43 Musical note
- 44 Our head janitor
- 45 Our major
- 50 Pitch a tent
- 51 D—
- 52 Either
- 54 Girl (colloquial)
- 56 Lairs
- 57 Girl's name
- 58 By
- 60 Direction (abb.)
- 61 Exclamation
- 63 Colonized
- 64 Rodent
- 66 It disappears when you stand up
- 68 Raise an uproar
- 70 A person who goes to a dance alone
- 72 Interior
- 74 A large bird

- 75 Jack and Bill
- 76 Water vapour

## VERTICAL

- 1 Like
  - 2 Mineral spring
  - 3 Kids fly them
  - 4 School (Fr.)
  - 5 Repast
  - 8 Behold!
  - 9 Part of "to be"
  - 10 Thanks (colloquial)
  - 11 Excite
  - 17 A—
  - 19 Forehead
  - 20 Larger bone of the forearm
  - 21 Royal Society (abb.)
  - 22 Greek letter for I
  - 23 Narrate
  - 26 Violation of the law
  - 30 Advertisements
  - 32 Affirmative
  - 34 Senior
  - 37 Some people have them in their cheeks
  - 39 Mine (Fr., fem. pl.)
  - 41 Unconsciousness
  - 43 Excavation in the earth
  - 44 A game
  - 45 Gave food
  - 46 Enroll
  - 48 Not any
  - 49 A graduate (slang)
  - 53 H—
  - 55 W—
  - 57 He (Fr.)
  - 59 Corrupt the taste
  - 62 Dislike
  - 65 Harmony
  - 67 What we try to make is holes in
  - 69 Beverage
  - 71 Depart
  - 73 Royal Marines (abb.)
- (Each blank represents one of our teachers)



## Latest Fiction

### Have You Read These?

"Green Apples," by Iva Payne.

"Cannibals," by Henrietta Mann.

"Who Is He," by Ida Noe.

"Parched," by I. Mustapha Drink.

## Social and Personal

We are aware of an inventor in our school. Edna Kees is being classed a la Kee now.

The debating team spent an enjoyable evening under the guardianship of Mr. Payne on their journey to London.

Orv. Moore underwent a serious session of great worry recently trying to figure out what will happen to his insurance policy if scientists do not bring him back from the dead.

Miss Thelma Ross was superfluously attended homeward from the Skating Party held at the Curling Rink a short time ago.

It is rumoured Jean has a pet squirrel that she calls "Jimmie." She can tell us the significance of the name.

Miss Walsh wishes to render an apology to that reliable chap Lumby for not accepting his invitation home from the Skating Party. She had her reasons, Morley.

## Announcements

During the latter part of June we expect the final bout of the Walker-Allan fight to be concluded. Due to rude roars from the cheap seats the fight was called to a halt by the former who refused to continue under such distressing circumstances. A good turnout is expected.

One day not long ago Sally Lewis had her Physics homework done.

Julia Gort was in Composition Class on time Friday, March 19.

The stagnant odour of room 303 has been accounted for. Kirk's shoes and stockings were found lying around the room.

Helen Pelling has receded from the Finch-McLeod locker, but wait'll the tide comes in.

Quite recently Jack Kennedy stayed awake a whole period of Miss Walker's.

We saw Donna Culley once without Jimmy.

George Ingersoll wishes to announce his intention of passing in Algebra.

## WANTED

To know how many male members of the staff are fond of breakfast parties.

## WISE WORDS TO THE WOEFUL

### By "Lotta Help"

Firstly, my poor tormented children of Mr. Asbury's Institute for the Dumb and Ray Covenay, and I might add lastly, I wish to leave with you one important thought, namely, the "World loves a lover." Therefore, don't give up and when you can't figure it out yourself, just consult me. Now for a few of today's letters of appeal.

Dear Miss Help: I am a pupil—not bright, but not dumb, I think. However, I have failed in 7 out of 8 exams—I was absent for the other. Could you please give me some advice?

Unfortunate.

Dear Unfortunate:

A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer. What you need is a new start in life. Better see our horoscope expert.

L. H.

Dear Lotta:

I am a young girl and that way about a personable young chap from 4B. He sees me home every Thursday nite and we have dates on week-ends. He writes me the most beautiful letters and really seems to have honourable intentions. What I would like to know is, should I keep him guessing or should I let him know my feelings? His first name is Don. Love-smitten Babs.

Dear Love-Smitten Babs:

Love is certainly a wonderful thing but by all means, my dear, do not let it interfere with your school work. (Ahem) However, a little competition never does any harm. Incidentally, I would advise keeping close guard over those "beautiful" letters he writes. Not only will they be interesting to show your grandchildren, but the pupils who find them lying around the floor find them a bit thrilling, too!

L.H.

Dear Lotta Help:

We are a very good 2nd Form, but are cursed with an undesirable personage. I will not mention his name. Can you tell us how to rid ourselves of him?

Particular.

My Dear Particular:

Borrow one of Mr. Mendizabal's .22 rifles or one of Mr. O'Donohue's Indian Clubs. Let me know how you make out.

L. H.

Dear Lotta:

I live in a very inviting little house along the river-front in a village some miles from Sarnia. Now, I never lack dates, in fact, the place is simply cluttered up with boys

every nite, but they all come to see my mother. Of course, I'm there too, but the boys always tell everyone they go to see her and it is very annoying, to say the least. Could you advise me in any way?

Anxious of Corunna

Dear Anxious:

Well, my dear Anxious, why don't you change your policy? Just run around calling them all your brothers, your pals, etc. I assure you that in no time, your mother's admirers will turn into your lovers.

L.

Dear Lotta:

How may I obtain a good posture?

Ima Lone

Dear Ima:

I don't know why you ask me but I imagine that you should keep the cows off it and give it a chance to grow.

Lotta.

## GAZETTE GAGS

1st Stude: Why do all the bank cashiers run to Canada?

2nd Stude: "Because that's the only place To-ron-to."

A comely coloured girl had just been baptized in a river. As she came to the surface she cried: "Bless de Lawd, I've saved! Las' night I was in de ahms of Satan, but tonight I've in de ahms of de Lawd."

"Sistah," came a baritone voice from the shore, "how is you all fixed up for tommorra evening?"

D'Arcy—I suppose you dance. Betty A—Oh, yes, I love to. D'Arcy—Great! That's better'n dancing.

Miss Harris—"You in the back of the room, what was the date of the signing of the Magna Charta?"

He—"I dunno."

Miss H.—"You don't eh? Well, let's try something else. Who was Bonnie Prince Charlie?"

He—"I dunno."

Miss H.—"Well, then, can you tell me what the Tennis Court Oath was?"

He—"I dunno."

Miss H.—"You don't. I assigned this stuff last Friday, what were you doing last night?"

He—"I was out drinking beer with some friends."

Miss H.—"You were! What audacity to stand there and tell me a thing like that! How do you ever expect to pass this course?"

He—"Wal, I don't ma'm. Ye see, I just came in to fix the radiator. I'm the plumber."



## THE ALARM

Philip McGlass

His eye was stern and wild; his cheek was pale and cold as clay; upon his tightened lips a smile of fearful meaning lay. He mused a while, but not in doubt; no trace of doubt was there; it was the steady solemn pause of resolute despair. Once more he looked upon the scroll, once more its words he read; then calmly with unflinching hand its folds before him spread. I saw him bare his throat, and seize the blue cold gleaming steel and grimly try the tempered edge he was so soon to feel. A sickness crept upon my heart and dizzy swam my head; I could not stir—I could not cry—I felt benumb'd and dead! Black, icy horrors struck me dumb and froze my senses o'er; I closed my eyes in utter fear and strove to think no more. Again I looked—a fearful change across his face had passed—he seemed to rave—on cheek and lip a flaky foam was cast; He raised on high the glittering blade—then first I found a tongue: "Hold, madman! stay the frantic deed!" I cried, and forth I sprung. He heard me but he heeded not; one glance around he gave; and ere I could arrest his hand, he had—begun to shave!

SLIPS THAT PASS  
IN THE TYPE

"The man was hit by a car and speaks broken English." (Was it a Ford?)

"A very tall woman occupies the house. She has a very simple interior, tastefully arranged." (Say, 'Ah!')

"Mr. Spergel created immediate attention by his laying at the age of eleven, when he was recognized as an artist." (Probably chicken-hearted.)

"English King of Land Speed Drives His Bluebird Racer Over Salt-Beds of Utah at Average Speed of 299.875 M.P.H." (Gosh!)

"A sailor was killed at Gulfport when he came in contact with a live wife." (Well, the female of the species . . .)

"Sam Hopkins was shot while hunting. One of the wounds is fatal, but his friends will be glad to know that the other is not serious." (I should say we are!)

"His left thumb, which was shot away, is doing nicely." (Transplanted?)

"A five-year old woman, Anna Dehnel, alleged to be a leader of an espionage organization, received 15 years' imprisonment." (This younger generation!)

"This is the northernmost light maintained by the U. S. government, not counting the aurora borealis." (That's science for you.)

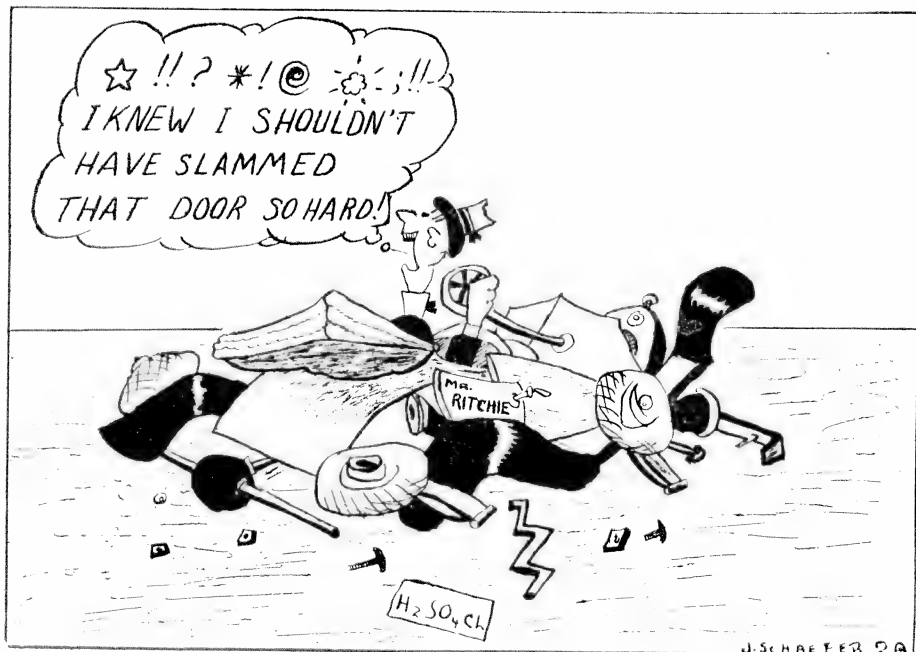
"As a result, the right and left wing supporters of the government are bridged by a very wide gulf." (We get the idea.)

Q. Is the earth a perfect square?

A. No. It is slightly flattened at the poles. (Now, I wouldn't have known that!)

My flivver, 'tis of thee,  
Shout cut to poverty,  
Of thee I chant,  
I lew a pile of dough  
On thee a year ago,  
And now you will not go—  
Or won't, or can't.

It's time we got this settled  
Are you going to propose  
Or must I become resigned to  
Always paying for my  
clothes?





## HALL OF FAME

School Politician	Raymond Coveney
School Sharks	Donna Clements and Jack Clinie
School Clown	Don Austin
Best Athlete	Orville Moore
Most Athletic Girl	Blanche Finch
School Pests	Detentions and Late Slips
Biggest Drag	George Ingersoll
Greatest Talker	Ray Keelan
School Blondes	Dorothy Phillips and Gord. Simpson
School Brunettes	Madelyn MacNeil and Dick Dyble
Most Sarcastic	Mr. Southcombe
Most Gentle	Miss Walsh
Most Collegiate	Olga Mackey
Best Dancers	Kay Taylor and Eddie Powell
Best Actor	Jimmy Doohan
Best Singer	Wib. Perry
Best High-Jumper	Catherine Wilson
Most Military Man	Mr. Fielding
Most Indifferent	Jack Kirk
Class Babies	E. Belton and Gord. Perry
Most Dignified	Mr. Dent
Wittiest	Neil Darrach
School Pessimist	Audrey MacMillan
School Optimist	Jimmy Laws
Most Polite	Jean Phillips and Jack Driscoll
School Pal	Dunc. Tolmie

## THE CHANT OF OUR ALMA MATER

Accent on Youth	Miss Walker
I Feel a Song Coming On	Wib. Perry
Take Me Back to My Boots and Saddle	Russ Hardick
The Broken Record	Ray Coveney
The Gentleman Obviously Doesn't Believe in Love	Trev. Sleeth
Sleep	Jack Kennedy
Mad About the Boys	Frances Walley
So Nice Seeing You Again	Hank and Lois
Lady in Red	Olga Mackay
Here's to Romance	The Toast of S. C. I.
Lost	Reports
You Can't Pull the Wool Over My Eyes	Mr. Asbury
Scared	Muriel Payne
I Don't Want to Make History, etc.	Eleanor McLeod
What's the Name of That Song	Assembly Selection
The Beautiful Lady in Blue	Miss Harris
You Started Me Dreaming	Blanche (Did He, Finchy?)
She Shall Have Music	Jean Callister (eh, Don?)
The Pig Got Up and Slowly Walked Away	Mr. Adie
I'd Rather Lead a Band	Jim Laws
Alone at a Table for Two	Mr. Andrews
There's No Limit to My Love	Dub and Teraise
We Joined the Navy	Chuck Stover
Haunting Me	Abie Rosen
Goody Goody	Fred Walter
Love on a Bus	Bob Newell and Amy Buchannon
Be My Lover	Johnny G. and Janey
Every Minute of the Hour	Donna and Jim
Sweethearts Forever	Edna and Lionel
On a Sunday Afternoon	Del's

The rain is raining all around,  
It rains on roads and streets,  
On highways, and on boulevards,  
And in those rumble-seats.

If I should die tonight  
And you should come to my cold corpse and say,  
Weeping and heartsick, o'er my lifeless clay,—  
If I should die tonight  
And you should come in deepest grief and woe,  
And say, "Here's that \$10 that I owe,"  
I might arise in my stiff white cravat,  
And shout, What's that?"

If I should die tonight  
And you should come to my cold corpse and kneel,  
Clasping my bier, to show the grief you feel,—  
I say if I should die tonight  
And you should come to me, and there and then  
Just even hint 'bout paying me that 10,  
I might arise the while,  
But I'd drop dead again!

## THINGS WE CAN'T

### IMAGINE

Jim Stronach not smiling.  
Donna Clements skipping school.  
John Danner in the Carioca.  
Helen Morrison agreeing.  
Miss Taylor not in a rush.  
Junior Schaffer blushing modestly.  
Merle Armstrong not giggling.  
Helen Cares' hair mussed.  
The Kirks not in a scrape.  
Jimmie Summers in love.  
Don Austin at school a whole day.  
Maxine Aiken without Norm Brown.  
Julia or Sally in a hurry.  
Jim Shanks with no teeth.  
Boo MacGregor with her hair combed.  
No Sunday hikers to Del's.  
Robert Nash in Shorts.  
Kay Taylor not asking "Why?"  
Chuck Stover not wearing a path up someone's heels.  
J. Springstead without something broken.

## SHORT SHORT

### SHORT STORY

Slowly the hands of the clock crept around to the hour, and, at the first chime, the slow procession commenced to wend its way to the scaffold. William Smith had just eaten a hearty meal, and his face, set in grim, straight lines, showed no trace of fear. Upon arrival at the scaffold, everything was placed in position, and with quick, firm steps, Smith mounted the scaffold and strode to where the rope dangled, swaying slightly. He stood quietly, while with swift, deft movements, the noose was adjusted, and then bowed his head, awaiting the inevitable signal.

With a last look at his watch to see that the time had really arrived, the man in authority gave the signal, and William Smith and his fellow brick-layers re-commenced work after the noon-hour.

## CARS WASHED

\$1.00

## Austins Dunked

25c

## ZILCH GARAGE



NAMES	ALIAS	CHIEF WEAKNESS	AMBITION	ULTIMATE FATE	FAVORITE EXPRESSION
George Ingersoll	"Key"	Telephone No.	Own peppermint factory	Chair Tester	Hi, Beautiful! Not you, Pie-face.
Blanche Finch	"Finchy"	Advice to Lovelorn	Get a full nite's sleep	Punching instructress	Think so, kid?
D'Arcy Hunt	"Darky"	Beards	Einstein 2nd	Private detective	Well-et-ah—
Janey McLeod	"17"	Treas	Doctor	Adult Fare	Hi, Bob!
Neil Darrach	"Dimples"	Eleanor	6' 2"	Worry to Death	I daresay.
Eleanor McLeod	"Aggie"	Canadian History	Wed like to know	Neil	What did you say?
Jack Misener	"Alise"	Strawberry Sundae	Jouille on Maple Leafs	Mgt. Blackwell hockey team	Hi ya Babe?
Donna Cuiley	"Doc"	Hamburgers	To pass	M. S. Hollinger	Oh, no!
Don Harbourne	"Shorty"	Radios	To grow tall	Bus magnate	Two and two or straight
Mary Hutcheson	"Hutchy"	Sleeping	To be a lady	200 lbs.	I'll bite.
Frederic Schreiber	"Hersy"	"Staff"	To mimic	Sideshow performer	Hot-cha-cha.
Gladys Burge	"Gay"	Brothers	Changing	Undecided	Hey, listen!
Ray Keelan	"Stogie"	"Himself"	Lawyer	Rogue's gallery	Pay you to-morrow.
Pauline Aiken	"Paul"	Collecting China Animals	C. of T.	Marry her boss	Well for—
Orville Moore	"Dinky"	Dancing	Elephant trainer	Own a flea circus	Stop kiddin
Corle Gort	"Peanut"	Knitting	Diction instructress	Chorus girl	Oh deah
James Laws	"Jimmy"	Wallaceburg	Paderewski 2nd	Piano tuner	D'ya mean it?
Stella Logan	"Slogan"	Gum	Edit "Ballyhoo"	The Morgue	Nerts







### COMMENCEMENT

A LARGE audience was in attendance at the annual Commencement Exercises held in the Collegiate Auditorium on Friday evening, December twentieth.

Rev. E. W. McKegney, chairman of the Sarnia Board of Education welcomed the class of '35 back to the school and thanked the officers and the teaching staff for their helpful cooperation throughout the year. Mr. Asbury commented upon the work at the school and stated that there had been a substantial progress recorded in 1935.

Miss Clara Kerr gave the Valedictory Address, a feature lacking in last year's exercises and the renewal of which was greatly appreciated. Roger Anderson spoke on Public Speaking and Debating as a High School activity, pointing out the great value of such a training.

Presentations of shields were made to the Drama Club, Debating Team, Gymnastic Team, School Orchestra, and

School Chorus. Honour emblems were presented to members of last year's magazine staff and also to winners of Class honours.

Clara Winnifred Kerr was presented with the First Carter Scholarship for Lambton County and Edgar Lowry McKegney with the University of Western Ontario Scholarship. Both these scholarships were awarded on the Departmental Examination Record of 1935. Samuel Irwin Fraser for his Departmental Examinations and outstanding athletic record was awarded the Sir Arthur Currie Scholarship of the University of Western Ontario. Nellie May Julien received the D. M. Grant Scholarship for superior standing during the third and fourth years of the Collegiate Course.

Musical selections furnished by the Senior Orchestra, a clarinet solo by Frank Bonner, and a cornet solo by Bob Bury helped to make the programme very successful indeed.

### PUBLIC SPEAKING

SARNIA has taken a very prominent place in the Wossa Public Speaking competitions. At the district contest held in Windsor, Helen Heller, Junior Girl,

speaking on "Present Day Pioneers," was awarded first place and Cameron Thompson, Junior Boy, with the subject, "A Car Trip to Yellowstone Park," was placed



second.

In the Senior Girls' and Boys' district competition, held at Strathroy, Alice McKeown, speaking on "Modern Italy" and Jack Clunie with the subject "The Isolation Policy of the United States" were both successful in winning first place.

At the final contest for Western Ontario held in Windsor, Helen Heller was again successful—thus winning for herself a gold medal and bringing to the

School the "Waterloo Shield."

At the final Senior Boys' Contest held in Sarnia, Jack Clunie was unsuccessful. Alice McKeown, speaking in the final Senior Girls' Competition at Brantford was also unsuccessful, but in both the boys' and girls' contests, Sarnia made an excellent showing.

The Collegiate wishes to compliment all four contestants on their splendid efforts.



#### SENIOR DEBATING CLUB

Back Row: S. Lott, H. Cardwell, M. Harris, A. Bedard, R. McMillan.

Middle Row: M. Keelan, L. Mendizabal, M. Forbes, J. Phillips, N. Brown, H. Morrison, L. Jones.

Front Row: C. Gort, A. McKeowan, K. Hayes, J. Clunie, Miss Howden, Mr. Payne, G. Whitcombe, H. Heller.

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#### SENIOR DEBATING AND PUBLIC SPEAKING CLUB

Honorary President—Mr. Payne

President—Jack Clunie

Vice-President—Kathryn Hayes

Secretary—Jean Phillips

Girls' Coach—Miss Howden

This year the usual spirit of enthusiasm has been maintained in the club—a characteristic especially noticeable among the

newer members. The customary Parliamentary System of Debating is used at all the debates, giving the debater the



advantage of expressing his ideas on either side of the subject. At the conclusion of the debate the members are asked to vote impartially—not according to their personal ideas on the subject, but according to the strength of the arguments advanced by either side.

Public Speaking has not played a prominent role in the programme of the club because it is thought that this training is included in Debating. The success of the Sarnia Speakers in the Wossa Public Speaking Contests, however, shows no apparent neglect of this training.



### JUNIOR PUBLIC SPEAKING AND DEBATING CLUB

Honorary President—Mr. Watson

President—Bill White

Vice-President—Pat Doyle

Secretary—Florence Benson

Although the first and second forms of the school have failed to organize a Literary Society, they have an outlet for their oratorical talent in the form of the Junior Public Speaking and Debating Club. The club is under the direction of Mr. Watson who has very capably ad-

vised the programme committee and supervised the meetings. This organization offers an excellent foundation in Public Speaking and Debating for the junior students and it is hoped that this training will prepare the students for the Senior Public Speaking and Debating Club.



### WOSSA DEBATES

#### BOYS'

This year the boys were unsuccessful in retaining the Baconian Shield which they had held for three consecutive years and which they were forced to hand over to London Central Collegiate.

In the first Debate with Chatham, Jack Clunie and Michael Harriss successfully upheld the Affirmative of "Resolved: that Mussolini's policy in Ethiopia is justified." Raymond Coveney and Norman Brown were defeated on the Negative in the home debate.

The boys also divided honours in the debate staged between London Central and Sarnia on the subject, "Resolved: that United States should abandon her present isolation policy and act with Great Britain to promote World Peace." At London Central, Gordon Boody and

Raymond Coveney were defeated but Jack Clunie and Stewart Lott successfully upheld the Negative in the home end of the contest.

In the latter part of February the final Wossa debate was held between London Central and Sarnia, but unfortunately Sarnia boys went down to defeat at the hands of the London Central representatives. The subject, "Resolved: that a national form of Government in Canada at present would be preferable to the Party System," was capably handled by both teams but in the opinion of the judges, London Central debaters were superior to those from Sarnia. The three judges from Western University, London, were Dr. F. Tamblyn, Mr. M. Dobson, Prof. A. Woods.



## GIRLS'

This year the girls were successful for the first time in reaching the finals but London Central captured the shield, held last year by Alma College.

Late in October teams from London and Sarnia debated upon the subject, "Resolved: that a system of state medicine should be adopted in Canada." In both cases the Negative were successful. Kathryn Hayes and Helen Heller upheld the Affirmative at London and Alice McKeown and Helen Morrison debated at Sarnia.

In the latter part of January the girl debaters defeated Alma College representatives both at home and in St. Thomas—making them eligible for the final debate. The Affirmative of the subject, "Resolved: that a benevolent despotism is the most efficient form of Government," was taken by Lenore Jones and Helen Morrison while Helen Heller and Geraldine

Whitcombe debated at home.

The Girls were not so fortunate in the final debate with London Central however. The subject, "Resolved: that Canada should withdraw from the League of Nations," was a subject of current interest as was shown at the evening debate held in Sarnia. In the afternoon Helen Morrison and Lenore Jones represented the school at London on the Affirmative and in the evening in Sarnia Kathryn Hayes and Alice McKeown upheld the negative side of the controversy. The three judges from Western University, London—Colonel Reilly, Prof. Inman and Prof. Stirling.

Although neither the Boy nor Girl Debaters were successful in capturing the shields they did make a fine showing which can be attributed to the excellent coaching of Miss Howden and Mr. Payne.



## KEY TO SNAP PAGE 53

- |                     |                        |
|---------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Eleanor McLeod   | 9. Pauline Aitken      |
| 2. Jack Clunie      | 10. Don Harbourne      |
| 3. Stella Logan     | 11. Dick Dyble         |
| 4. Alma Elnor       | 12. Trev. Sleeth       |
| 5. Doug Elliott     | 13. Jack and Bill Kirk |
| 6. Bud Leach        | 14. Wes McDermid       |
| 7. Merle Armstrong  | 15. Blanche Finch      |
| 8. George Ingersoll |                        |



## ROBIN HOOD

"ROBIN HOOD," presented by the Sarnia Collegiate Institute and Technical School Players, was a triumph for Robert Nash, as the jovial Friar Tuck. In many scenes, the merry Friar, who enters the castle of Nottingham in disguise to seek Maid Marian, and finds the kitchen and its ale instead, securing a great pie which he later crams over the head of his enemy, the forester High, (Frank Stirrett). Nash secured the enthusiastic applause of the audience particularly in a merry scene where he shuts Guy of Gisbourne (John Fordyce), in a chest and sits on the lid.

The whole play carried with it a robust, merry air; and perhaps its success, which was really considerable, was due mostly to this, as well as to the merry laughter and jollity of the outlaws, played by Ken Cooke, Cyril Wareham and Field Simpson, and to the ridiculous slyness, cowardice and braggadocio of the Sheriff of Nottingham, ably played by Ken Rooney. The humour was broad and clean; mostly it was the active variety. For this reason it was a good family play.

The play was one of action and movement. It never lagged, but flowed

smoothly and rapidly to its climax. The characters moved more than they talked; yet never did this action appear mismanaged or faulty. This was due in large part to the effectiveness and efficiency of Miss Welman's directing. There were excellent mob scenes, and scenes of battle between the outlaw-band and the Sheriff's men. Particularly was this true of the final scene, where every member of the large cast was on the stage, yet no one was masked, nor, in the sudden rush of the outlaws, did any two collide. Many other minor details of setting appealed by their atmosphere. In particular might be mentioned a scene in the second act, intended to picture the close of day in the castle. Candles are brought in, and two link-boys strew rushes on the floor. This stage business was added to the play by Miss Welman.

But, besides being a play of action and atmosphere, it was also a play of colour, and the colour was supplied by the gay hues of the costumes. Designed especially by Miss Welman from authoritative drawings, these were very beautiful, particularly those of the ladies. A large part of the beauty of the play was due to



the graceful wearing of these costumes, particularly of Lois Hamilton as Maid Marion. A quiet but effective performance was given by Flora MacDonald as the tyrannical Lady Jane. In the last act also, is a good singing scene, in which the outlaws sing the chorus of a rollicking song led by Robin Hood.

The cast was as follows: Robin Hood, James Doohan; Friar Tuck, Robert Nash; Little John, Will Scarlet, and David of Doncaster, Robin Hood's men, Ken Cooke, Cyril Wareham, Field Simpson; Guy of Gisbourne, John Fordyce; Sheriff of Nottingham, Ken Rooney; Hugh, servant to the Sheriff, Frank Stirrett; Sir Richard of the Lea, Elmer Chivers; the Bishop of Fairdale and a wandering friar, Donald Bowden; Lady Jane, Flora MacDonald; Lady Marion, afterwards "Maid Marion", Lois Hamilton; Dorothy, tiring woman to Lady Marion, Isabel Mendizà-

bal; Ruth and Nan, serving maids, Jeanne Rowell and Mary Davidson; a Friar and a soldier, Karl Andersen; two boys, Abie Rosen and Jim McKegney.

Others assisting were, book holders, Arthur Rowell and Bob Delderfield; curtain boy, Leslie Craig. The make-up was handled by Carrie Durance, Grace Bazley, Iris Pirrie, Gertrude Duffield, Field Simpson, and Robert Nash. Lighting and stage carpentry was done by the technical boys; the costumes, to which the play owed much of its success, were made by the technical second and third form girls and the scenery and painting by the second form girls.

Setting and lighting were good; in the castle scene in particular, a beautiful effect was created by the use of delicate green lights behind the open casement window.

## THE INTERPRETIVE ELEMENT IN MODERN DRAMA

R. R. C.

WHEN reduced to its last analysis, Art is in reality a science. That is to say, Art is not a mere series of creations by certain people; there is in the series a definite movement, moving along by clearly successive, clear-cut stages. It is possible, moreover, to mark this course, even, as it were, to map it out; and, what perhaps is most important of all, to trace in it a clear and definite relation to the social, and scientific, and philosophic trends of the nation and period to which it belongs. Thus, the Greeks, being Pantheists, and their Gods lovers of Beauty, inevitably produced fine Art; equally inevitably, the Hebrews, holding to a supreme and far-off being, produced no art at all, save the Bible and songs of such a nature. Similarly, the Greeks, philosophers rather than scientists, dreamers rather than realists, produced an idealized form of Art, seeking to picture perfec-

tion; while to-day—or perhaps I should say yesterday, for the era draws to a close—we sought to picture humanity and nature as it is. And again; there is in this progression, a steady growing mastery of technique, a gradual but definite movement toward a perfect medium of artistic expression. Thus, Ibsen was not a greater dramatist than Shakespeare; but Ibsen wrote greater plays than Shakespeare did, because Ibsen wrote them later, and in his youth he sat, metaphorically, at Shakespeare's feet.

Particularly can all this be said of the Drama. The science of Drama—for it is really that—may be divided into a few stages, from the Greeks to the present day. Thus, the Greeks, idealists, dealt with kings, and divine vengeance. The Romans, more scientific and practical, improved the technique, rather than the poetry. The early Miracle and Morality





plays were rooted in the Church, and drew for it their nature. With the lusty, immoral, boisterous Renaissance, came the Elizabethan drama, rooted in Marlowe, flowering in Shakespeare, adventurous roots producing the French school of Molière and the Italian improvisers. Following this, we see a gradual trend toward a closer picture of life in all its phases; this trend has continued almost without interruption to the present day. It has produced the comedies of Sheridan and the tragedies of Hugo; it has found expression both in the Romanticists and in the Realists; and it has produced by turn drama, comedy and tragedy.

But today, we find signs that this school of dramatic expression, which we might dub the Naturalists, is rapidly nearing its close, and that a new form of drama is about to be evolved, borrowing from the Greeks their majestic air, from the Naturalists their mastery of technique. Essentially, this new form of drama is an intuitive drama; thus, while seeking to picture life, it seeks also to interpret it, and that intuitively.

The basis of this new drama is really two-fold. In the first place, it finds a considerable basis in the Spinoza-like pantheism of modern science; and in the second, it is an inevitable outgrowth of the lore of psychological analysis that grew up in the latter half of the century, and the best example of which is John Galsworthy.

Yet this Intuitive Drama is no new thing. Actually, we may trace its beginning to the Greeks, with their Gospel of divine vengeance for wrong doing; more immediately, we might find a particularly fine expression of it in Goethe's *Faust*; there is here the same lofty phantasy, the same sense of gigantic and airy space, the same query into the nature of things, that mark this new form of drama for what it is.

The Intuitive Drama, or what I might

call the Idealist school, has, however, its real beginning in the work of Ibsen. I doubt if anyone has ever read "Emperor and Galilean" but has felt its power, its immense scope. We see Julian the Emperor, a man at the mercy of the will of God—a sacrifice, a pawn toward a mighty and unseen but definite end. Ibsen, himself, believed this his greatest play; perhaps he was seeing far into the future, toward a new and greater form of art.

This is not to say that Ibsen was the first, or the inventor; this new form of Drama grew up inevitably; it is present in the work of Wagner in Germany, of Strindberg in Sweden, of Ibsen in Denmark. All art is, as I have said, a progression; and the next step is here.

The trail blazed out by Ibsen was to be followed by Bernard Shaw. As a literary critic, Shaw brought to the drama an unsurpassed knowledge of technique; this he placed at the service of the Intuitive Drama, with the result that he produced some masterpieces that are among the greatest in English—and perhaps the world's drama. "Man and Superman" is one of these; but it is tiny compared with another—the gigantic "Back to Methuselah." To dramatize the whole history of mankind; to find a meaning of life that patterns past, present, and future—this is a task for a demigod—a task for the very God of drama.

So much for the past; of the future what? Will this new Art die away, or will it flower again and again, as its predecessors have done, dying only to make room for new species that have themselves evolved from it? The latter, certainly. For all art is a growth from the soil in which it is rooted; and this grew from modern science and modern philosophy. Realism is dead; who cares? "There shall be three kingdoms," says Ibsen's Maximus. The Third Kingdom in philosophy came with Spinoza. Onward to the Third Kingdom of Art!





## WHO KILLED THE PROFESSOR?

P. GIBB, 3-A

Scene (a library in a large mansion in the south of England. It is very quietly and sombrely furnished. The curtains on the two windows are drawn closely together. There are two chairs in the room—one on each side of the fire-place and one behind the desk which is in the centre of the room. On the desk are papers, books, etc., and a telephone. There is a dark brown couch at one side. The door is on the right. A large bookcase lines the left wall. A lamp lighted on the desk and the fire in the hearth shed the only light in this dismal room. In the chair by the desk a man is sprawled; he seems to have fallen asleep because his head has fallen across his arm on the desk. Looking closer one would observe something protruding from his back. It is the hilt of a knife. The man is dead. There is a knock on the door. It is repeated again and then again more loudly. Chesterfield, the butler, is heard calling in polite but agitated tones).

Chesterfield: Open up, sir. It is Chesterfield, sir. Your nephew is here, sir. (Then another voice, belonging to Freddie, the nephew, is heard).

Freddie: I say, old chap, something must be wrong. Lend your shoulder here a moment. Now altogether. That's done it. Oh—! (Both go quickly to the desk).

Chesterfield: No! Not that! He can't be dead! The professor can't be dead! The police! Call the police! I will 'phone the police at once.

Freddie: Never mind, Chesterfield, you leave that to me. Now don't touch anything. (He goes to the phone. When he gets central he gives a number). I say are you there? Give me the police inspector; yes, that's it. Inspector Hawkins? This is Freddie Marlowe. There has been some dirty work done here to-night. Yes, my uncle has been done in

—yes—killed—yes, I believe it was murder. Yes—Professor Marlowe—right right away? Thanks old chap, Cheerio—won't—Cheerio. (He turns to Chesterfield). Well the jolly old police will be here shortly.

Chesterfield: Very well, sir. If I may say so sir, how dreadful sir!

Freddie: You may. Now tell all the servants to be ready when the police arrive. Inspector Hawkins might wish to question them.

Chesterfield: Very well, sir. (He goes out).

Freddie appears very sad and a little perturbed at being left alone with a corpse so he goes out to wait for the police. A bell rings off stage. Inspector Hawkins, Sergeant O'Connors and Drummond, the coroner, have arrived.

Inspector Hawkins (with a decidedly Cockney accent): Well, Mr. Marlowe, where h'is the body?

Freddie: It is in the library, sir.

(Hawkins turns to O'Connors and Drummond).

Hawkins: Lead the way, Sergeant.

O'Connors (with a pronounced Irish brogue): Yes, sorr!

Freddie: He is just as found him, sir. Nothing has been touched. (Drummond examines the corpse, removes the knife, first wrapping a white cloth around the hilt. He hands it to Hawkins).

Drummond: The professor has been dead about an hour.

Hawkins: H'is that h'r fact, Mr. Drummond?

Drummond: Yes, the knife entered the left side and passed through the heart; death was instantaneous.

Hawkins: Thank you, sir. You 'ave been most 'elpful. Please stay around a bit.

Drummond: Will you give me a hand here? I want to put the body on this



couch. (O'Connors takes the legs and Drummond the shoulders). They place the body on the couch and cover it. Hawkins and Drummond go out, leaving O'Connors to guard the corpse.

O'Connors (to himself): Now, me h'ye, this calls for a bit of a drink. It is techlulish business playing nurse-maid to a corpse. (He looks cautiously around him, then takes a flash out of his hip-pocket and takes a stiff drink. Then he sits down in the chair in which the professor was murdered. He has his back to the book-case. The book-case moves and a hand appears holding a knife which is the exact duplicate of the one on the desk. The knife is thrown and is buried up to the hilt in O'Connor's back. He gives a slight shudder and then falls over in exactly the position the professor was found. A figure comes out from behind the book-case. It is hardly seen in the darkness of the room. It advances to the desk and takes the knife that killed the professor. The figure turns, goes back to the book-case, disappears behind it and the case returns to its former position). Off-stage Hawkins is heard speaking to Chesterfield.

Hawkins: 'Ere you, Sofa, Davenport, whatever your name is, tell Sergeant O'Connors to come here.

Chesterfield: Very good, sir. (He enters the library—sees O'Connors, turns very pale and cries out). Oh! Inspector Hawkins, come quickly sir. (Hawkins comes in very quickly and stops short staring at the body as if his eyes are deceiving him). Freddie comes in with Carter, his late uncle's secretary.

Freddie: O'Connors murdered too! How horrible! And in the same manner. Everything is the same.

Drummond makes an examination and as before removes the knife and places it on the desk. Hawkins and Drummond remove the body from the chair to one side of the room.

Hawkins: (To Carter) Where were

you when these crimes were committed?

Carter: I know nothing at all about them. I was in the room next to the library all the time.

Hawkins: Did you 'ear h'any sounds of h'a struggle?

Carter: No, sir. None whatever. (Carter and Drummond leave. Hawkins and Freddie remain in the library).

Freddie: I once read a book in which two people were murdered in exactly the same way. So to find who had committed the crime the officer in charge re-enacted the scene taking the place of the murdered man. In this way he caught the guilty person. Now I suggest you go and tell the servants that I know something about who killed my uncle and Sergeant O'Connors and leave me here alone. I assure you I will have the guilty chap inside of an hour. Come now, there is no harm in trying this scheme once. (Hawkins summons Drummond and Carter).

Hawkins: Mr. Marlowe seems to know something h'about these killings.

Carter: Is that so, sir.

Hawkins: Yes. H'and it will go badly with the fellow if he is caught. (They all go out but Freddie who goes to the book-case, removes a book and fixes a small mirror on the page. He then sits down in the chair at the desk with his back to the book-case. As before, the book-case opens but Freddie sees this in the mirror he has and is all prepared for the next bit of acting. As the hand appears with the knife he gets all ready to spring from his chair. Just as the knife leaves the hand Freddie springs out of the chair, dashes to the book-case. He seizes the wrist, meanwhile making use of his vocal-powers. He manages to force the book-case open and drags the murderer out into the room. He twists the man's arm back, almost breaking it. Hawkins and the others come running when they hear the shouts).

Hawkins: So you're the one; I knew



h't h'all the time. Didn't I say to you Sofa h'old chap. "There is something fishy about that fellow?"

Chesterfield: I don't recall ever hearing you say so, sir. But perhaps you did.

Hawkins (ignoring this—turns to Carter): You're caught red-handed so to speak. Now you might as well confess. Why did you do it. (Carter sneers at him and does not speak).

Freddie: I rather suspected he was the guilty person. I felt he would try to kill me if he thought I knew he did it. Quick, catch him. (Carter breaks away from Freddie, runs over to the desk, snatches the knife and stabs himself in the heart before anyone can stop him. He falls over on the carpet . . . dead).

Curtain.

## THE CURTAIN

RAYMOND COVENEY

### CHARACTERS:

A Traveler  
A Girl  
A Woman  
A Boy }  
A Boy } The Same

THE curtain rising, we see before us what looks like a corner of a forgetful Victorian garden sleeping through a dull English afternoon. The background and the side of the stage to our right are made up of a wall of stones, so high that we cannot see over it, but can see its top, though nothing shows of what is beyond it. Yet, we are struck at once by a peculiar circumstance, doubtless a mistake of the director,—the back curtain, representing the wall, has been rudely torn across by a great vertical tear, extending from the top of the wall to the ground; this has been crudely sewn together again, up to about a foot from the top, which is still torn.

To our right, also within the wall, is a great tree, and below it a bench of stone. In the centre is a raised round flower bed with a foot-high stone wall about it. Left, a flower bed. Between us and this however, is the path, which looks particularly pleasing, especially as the garden bears an air of artificiality, and a purely surface kind of

tinsel beauty. For a moment the garden is empty; then the Girl enters along the path.

The Girl is about twenty-five, fair, pretty—that is to say, neither beautiful nor ugly—and very graceful. Her clothes are modern, but frivolous. The entire impression is the same as that of the garden—as cold, as pretty, as artificial, and as hard as starlight.

The youth, who enters soon after her, is far taller, and is slender. His clothes and hair are rumpled; he has the air of a poet, and carries with him a suggestion of perpetual nervous strain. When we see him, he appears more than usually distraught.

\* \* \* \*

The Girl—"My pretty rose! I cannot pick you; you are too beautiful. Besides, you have thorns."

The Youth (following her to the stage)—"Pluck your rose, my sister. It will be a kindness."

The Girl—"Why, Conrad?"

The Youth—"Because, otherwise, it will remain here always, until it dies; and even then, the garden is full of the ghosts of roses that have dropped and gone. And when you pluck him, he moves away; he dies the sooner, but at least he lives . . . Not like us. We never move away. We are to live always in this garden . . ."

The Girl—"I think it is a very pretty



garden. I love it."

Conrad—"But for the curtain, Virginia."

Virginia—"The curtain? What curtain?"

Conrad—"That." (He gestures toward the background).

Virginia—"Why, that is necessary. I love it. It is a pretty curtain. Besides, it keeps out all the ugliness of the world."

Conrad—"And us in. I tell you, Virginia, there is a curtain that stretches across our lives, and binds us like a web. It holds us in this garden like the links of a silver net. The scent of flowers cloyes the air until I cannot breathe. I suffocate, I tell you! We built this garden for ourselves, Virginia, and now it holds us faster than the tomb. We are the prisoners of our own dreams."

Virginia—"They are pleasant dreams."

Conrad—"They are like the dreams of an opium eater; they are pleasant, but they lead to hell . . . And we are bound within them . . . Yet, all that binds us is this one tattered curtain! It is not my body that it binds, Virginia; I could bear that, as a martyr bears his chains, but it links and fetters to the earth my very soul. I feel as though I had fallen into a deep well, and could not even see the daylight far above my head."

(He sits down on the edge of the bed and cups his chin in his palms).

"That is what I want, Virginia. I die in the darkness for want of light. All this garden seems dark because it has no meaning." (He springs up). "Oh God, what does this life, this garden, mean? I have prayed to God for light, Virginia. prayed just for an answer to my questions. And he answered, Virginia."

Virginia (laughing)—"Oh. And what does he tell you?"

Conrad—"I do not know."

Virginia—"So, he has answered you, yet you do not know the answer?"

Conrad—"My answer lies beyond the curtain. That is why I must rip it down,

sister mine."

Virginia—"No! No!"

Conrad—"Yes! Yes!" He leaps over to the rip. "I will rip it down, Virginia; I will rip it down, then I shall have my answer, and we shall be free forever from all this great cloud of darkness." (He is now at the rip, and seizing the top, is about to tear aside the curtain. His sister grasps his wrist).

Virginia—"No, Conrad. You shall not."

Conrad—"Why, Virginia? Can't you see . . ."

Virginia—"Oh Conrad, listen first. Can you not understand that evil may lie beyond the curtain? Listen, Conrad. A year ago, I caught and tamed a graceful wild pigeon. I kept it tied, though it always sought to fly. One day, it got loose and a hawk caught my pretty pigeon . . . There is much, even here, that is cruel and evil, brother mine; may it not be then that this meaning of yours is an evil meaning; may not your Devil be greater than your God? Oh, Conrad, think of that, and do not touch that curtain!" (Conrad sinks into the stone seat, and buries his face in his hands. His sister comes to him, seats herself at his side. She takes his hand).

Virginia—"Conrad, little brother." (Slowly her head sinks down upon his shoulder. Conrad, standing up suddenly, now more distraught than ever, his face contorted with his mental agony). "I must go now, Virginia."

Suddenly, he sinks on one knee, and his sister caresses his hair, smoothing it back into position.

Virginia—"Good-bye, little brother."

(He goes. Virginia remains seated, looking after him with a far more loving smile than we felt we could expect from her. After a moment of silence, the Traveller enters. He is dressed in clothes of rough, dusty cloth; they seem to be of any and all periods in the history of the world. The same might be said of his



age; he is timeless and, if his face is wrinkled, the wrinkles might as well be those of weariness as of age. His step is athletic, his hair black; but his eyes, at least, are those of a man who has seen and known much. In spite of his rough clothes, he bears an air of capability and command; such a man as this must have been St. Francis or Martin Luther. His voice is low and pleasant. When he enters, he stands for a moment, contemplating the garden, but does not seem to notice Virginia. Walking to the centre, he seats himself upon the stone curb of the flower-bed. Virginia suddenly sees him and walks over to him).

Virginia—"Who are you?"

Traveler—"I am a humble seeker after Truth."

Virginia—"Truth is not here, my friend. This is the garden of dreams."

Traveller—"Because you recognize them as dreams. Other people see their dreams as reality; they are farther from the truth than you."

Virginia—"I see. But how in a world of lies, can you know the truth?"

Traveller—"Your point is well taken. Frankly, I do not know; but I shall recognize it, that I know."

Virginia—"That you know? How?"

Traveller—"I know it here." (He lays his hand upon his forehead. "God told me. Of all else I am ignorant; I know only that somewhere there is truth, and I shall find it. But what is this?" (He has seen the tear in the curtain. He walks over to it, and stands examining its jagged edge).

Virginia—"That? It happened many years ago. A man tore that veil away. We sewed it up again."

Traveller (enlightened)—"I see it now! Behind that veil lies truth."

Virginia (suddenly, with a light as clear as his own)—"You are wrong! There is no truth! All life is lies; behind that curtain lie the greatest lies of all."

Traveller—"Nevertheless, I must pull

aside that curtain; I will see the truth!"

Virginia—"No! It is not there, I tell you; there is no truth! (The traveller turns, and looks at her with such divine majesty that she sinks into the bench, and buries her head in her hands. The Traveller firmly seizes the edge of the tear in the curtain, and boldly tears it aside. The ends fall away. For a moment there is darkness; then is revealed our second scene behind the curtain. The Traveller is now gone; but Virginia remains on the bench, though that part of the stage is darkened.

#### EVENING

It is the cottage of a coal-miner. It is a bare room. To our right is an English built fire-place, in which burns a small fire. In the centre, is the large kitchen table; supper is on the table. The furniture is, as might be expected, of the cheapest order. The walls are papered, and we observe with dismay that the back curtain is torn again, only this time, it has been ripped only for about a foot, and not sewn. Before the fire, seated at a small table with her sewing, is the Woman. She, like our Traveller, is of undetermined age; only here, the agelessness is due, not to thought, but work, worry, and the grinding hardness of existence in a coal-mining town. Before her is the only illumination in the room; a coal-oil lantern. When we first see her, she is sewing. Her son, whose acquaintance we are to make soon, is a tall lad, dressed in rough clothes; he has just returned from the mine, and bears under his arm a lunch-bucket. He bears an air of a certain refinement, and after a while we recognize that he is also our friend, Conrad. When the lights come on, we see the Woman alone sewing; then her son enters, from the door to our left.

Son—"Evening, Mother."

Woman—"Hello, my son," (she rises and walks over to the stove where the kettle boils, to make tea). "You're late to-night, Harry. Kettle's been on an



hour or more."

Harry—"Yes, Mother. T' lads down at t' mine are talkin' strike again."

Woman—"Aye, and well we women could use a few more shillin' a week, Harry, lad."

Harry—"Ha, Mother, but these bloody mine-owners—why, we're like to starve 'fore they give in again. Gov-ment forced 'em last time."

Woman—"And they'll force the sweaters again, lad. They know we min-in' folks are the backbone of England. But, you'd better be washin' thysen, Harry. There's kippers warming for your tea."

(But before Harry can move, the Traveller enters from the street door. He smiles again, once more we see that look of almost divine command upon his strong, lined countenance).

Traveller—"Good evening."

Harry—"What do you want?"

Traveller—"I am a Traveller; I seek lodgings for the night—Could you put me up?"

Mother—"Aye." Almost without change she goes to put on another place. "Hurry to the pump and wash, Harry, lad." With a cheery nod to stranger, Harry rises and hurries out through the door to our right.

Traveller—"Thank you."

Mother—"Seat thysen. Tea's all but ready."

Traveller—"I thank you again." Sits, smiling. "I have walked far this afternoon."

Mother—"Wher'ere you for? We've cousins south."

Traveller—"Whence I come, I have forgotten. Where I go, I do not know. I seek the Truth."

Mother—"Truth? What is Truth?"

Traveller—"Truth is the meaning of life. It is the purpose behind it all. I seek the truth."

Mother—"I see. But what good will't do un when 't truth is found?"

Traveller—"That, I do not know. But truth is good; and I shall find it somewhere before I die. That, I know."

Mother—"How?"

Traveller—"I believe it."

Mother—"I see. Like when Harry's father died in t' mine nigh fifteen years back. Harry was five. One morning, Harry's father went to work. The roof of a passage caved in on him. I knew even before they brought the news that he was—dead."

Traveller—"In that is the meaning of life."

Mother—"In that?"

Traveller—"In your knowledge. It was the soul of man. Your husband's mind and yours were part of one mind; and your mind knew that its fellow was dead."

Mother—"Is that the Truth you seek?"

Traveller—"It may be. I seek to learn it all. Somewhere it lies; somewhere behind the curtain."

Harry enters. The Traveller speaks animatedly, does not notice the boy. Harry hears the next speech unnoticed.

Mother—"What curtain? What curtain?"

Traveller—"Across the lives of all of us extends a curtain. This side of it lies our own lives, with its suffering, folly, and deception; on the other side of it, is the true life; that life is truth. I seek only to tear aside the curtain; and flood the world with the Truth that lies beyond."

Harry—bursting in—"The Truth. There you have it."

Traveller—"You too, lad?"

Harry—he seats himself in his mother's chair before the fire, clasps his knees in his hands and speaks dreamily—"You know, just lately, I've been longing for something, though I did not know what it was—now I know. It was Truth. That's what t' lads want, really, when they fight and drink and gamble and swear. They just want to find a meaning in life. But no meaning comes."



Mother—"Your father longed for it, too. And when you were born, Harry, we thought the meaning was found. But then he was killed, and there was no meaning in life for me after that."

Harry—to his mother and throwing his arms about her shoulders—"Mother!"

Mother—to Traveller—"Has no one ever tried to tear aside this veil of yours?"

Traveller—"Yes, one. But him they crucified. They could not understand him, and so they were afraid."

Mother—"And did he tear away that veil?"

Traveller—"No. He tore it but a little way; I will complete his task. I do not follow in his footsteps."

Mother—"I see. But have you never seen this tear?"

Traveller—"No. Once, I thought I had; but it was merely a curtain of externals and lies, woven from the dreams of men. I tore it, at least, away, but it meant nothing. I had to search onward."

Harry—"But then the tear is here. My father often thought of it, and bade me remember."

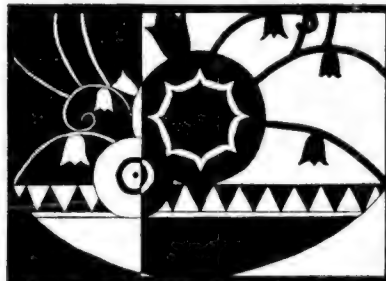
Traveller — "It's here?" he looks around.

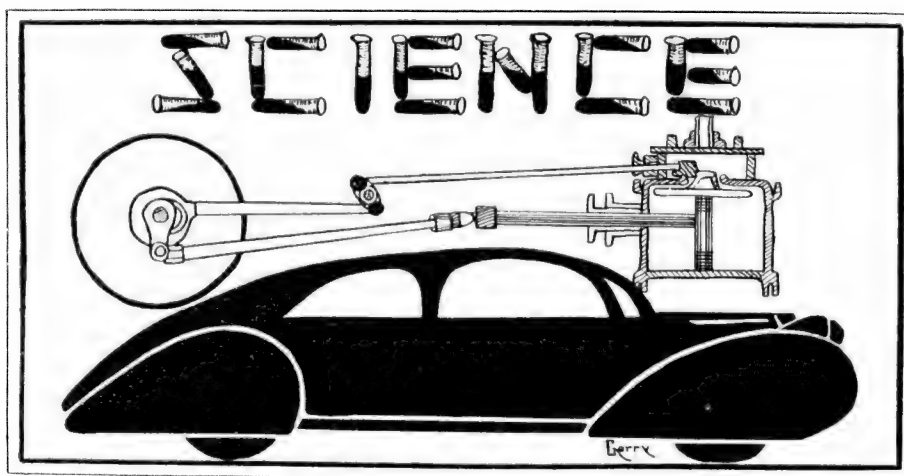
Traveller—leaping to his feet and over to the tear—"It is here!" he seizes the edge.

Harry—"Mother! Tear it, tear it away! Oh, God, the Meaning of Life! Oh father, father!"

The Traveller tears aside the veil. Harry gives out an inarticulate cry, and buries his face in his mother's lap, who clasps him tight, bending over him as over a broken-hearted child. Suddenly, the Girl, who has been on the stone-bench all this time, laughs a silvery mocking laugh. For the tearing of the veil has revealed not a scene, but merely the roughly plastered back wall of the stage. The Traveller sinks on one knee, burying his face in his hands. For a moment, the characters remain thus; then the Traveller looks upwards at the blank wall. Then a look of great joy and understanding breaks over his countenance. He is beginning to understand. Life is its own Meaning.

The Curtain falls.





## COAL TAR

J. CLUNIE, V-A.

COAL tar is about the most unpromising material that anyone could imagine. This black, smelly, sticky stuff neither liquid or solid, hard to handle because it can not be poured like oil or picked up like coal, combustible but not convenient as a fuel, poisonous to fish if run into water and offensive to humans if left on land. Not many years ago it was worse than a waste product, it was a nuisance. Thanks to the chemist however this viscous solid gave forth brilliant colours, sweet perfumes, potent drugs, violent explosives and hundreds of other things too numerous to mention and has become one of the greatest blessings of all time.

The first coal tar dye, mauve, was discovered in England in the Easter vacation of 1856 by William Henry Perkins. Perkins was a grind, a boy who would rather work than eat and it is significant that his momentous discovery was made at his lunch hour. He was attempting something which had never been accomplished, the synthesis of quinine and of course he failed, but like Columbus discovered something far greater than what he was

looking for. He was washing up his glassware after an experiment that had failed, an experiment wherein he had used some impure aniline, and he found that the black sticky material in this beaker kept colouring the water purplish. He had failed to produce quinine but he had made something far more valuable—the first synthetic dye. In 1856, when Perkins made his discovery there were barely a score of different dyes, dyes made from barks and roots of uncertain composition, while in 1914, 925 different dyes had been synthesized from coal tar.

Certain dyes were also found very useful in bacteriology. The fact that some dyes will adhere better to wool than to cotton and to some kinds of animal or vegetable substances more readily than others makes them extremely valuable in medicine. Many of our most dangerous diseases are due to infinitesimally small vegetable or animal parasites in the blood, parasites which are almost impossible to see on a microscope slide when mixed up with all sorts of similar cells and tissues. It was fortunately found that various aniline dyes were useful in bringing out the





various substances for some would be stained with a particular colour while others on the slide would be unaffected, just as in a mixture of cotton, silk, and wool the dye is apt to adhere to one kind of thread and leave the others.

Paul Ehrlich, a young German student, found that fuschine, a red dye, would stain the tubercle bacilli so that these hitherto invisible organisms could be seen on a microscope slide. Later he found that these stains would act in a living cell and that methylene blue would seek out and destroy the parasite which causes a certain type of malarial fever. Ehrlich then set about making molecules of dye that would not only seek out and attach themselves to harmful bacteria but would carry a poison to kill them. Salvansan, a valuable syphilis specific is composed of two aniline rings with arsenia atoms attached and was discovered by Ehrlich after 605 compounds had failed.

In manufacturing fine odours the chemist is rapidly overhauling the flowers for to-day the perfumes sold under the names of arbutus, sweet pea, mayflower, cyclamen, magnolia, phlox, honeysuckle, lilac and lily of the valley are not extracts of flowers but chemical compounds manu-

factured from that black, repulsive coal tar. Anthranilic acid, a coal tar product gives us the odour of jasmine, orange blossoms, the flavour of the grape and the colour of indigo.

In medicine also has coal tar proved a great boon. Aspirin or acetylsalicylic acid cures our headaches and other pains. Novocain and similar coal tar products now make the extraction of teeth practically painless. Saccharine, six hundred times sweeter than sugar has proven of great benefit to sufferers from diabetes, and luminal has prevented thousands of epileptic fits.

Of course not all of the products of coal tar have helped to maintain and improve life, for it is the source of most of our explosives and coal tar products were employed in the last war to kill millions of young men. On the whole however the world may be glad that Perkins failed in his experiment and it is certain that within the next few years will come other momentous discoveries about this black, repugnant coal tar which perhaps may place it far ahead of gold and precious jewels in its value to mankind. Truly may it be said that to-morrow will be the age of coal tar.

## TRANSATLANTIC AIRWAY

MURRAY TAYLOR, 4-B.

ONE of the most recent questions which has come before the public is the possibility of a transatlantic airway. Four great nations—Great Britain, United States, Germany, and France have spent millions of pounds, dollars, marks, and francs, as well as years of hard work in mapping out possible routes.

Recently, representatives of Canada, Great Britain, United States, Newfoundland and the Irish Free State gathered at Ottawa and Washington to discuss the problem of trans-atlantic and trans-Canada air lines, with a view to establishing

regular air service between Europe and North America by 1937. Understandings on a reciprocal basis—which means that American ships make use of British landing fields and vice-versa,—have been reached and it is expected a series of trans-Atlantic survey flights will be made this year by all nations.

In the opinion of Igor Sikorsky, well-known air craft designer, flying will be the regular routine method of transportation to Europe inside of three to five years. Mr. Sikorsky was the designer of the Pan-American Air Lines, Sikorsky



and Martin Clippers, which are being used by this company in the trans-Pacific and Carribean routes.

Canada, Newfoundland and New Zealand are the only parts of the British Empire not yet linked with London by air, and the proposed air line will at once join Canada and Newfoundland to England and will undoubtedly hasten the completion of the Imperial Airways which now stretches to all other parts of the British Empire. It was with trans-Atlantic air service in view that this company ordered a Mayo-composite form of aircraft which is a combination of two machines—a large aircraft ascending with a smaller machine which contains the passengers and payload of freight, on the upper surface of its wing; the latter being launched in mid-air for an ocean flight. Adoption of such aerial launching enables the machine thus launched to carry a bigger pay-load with less power, and at a lower cost than a plane taking off in the ordinary manner from land or sea. This also eliminates the possibility of heavily laden aircraft, unable to take off, crashing, and killing or injuring the passengers.

The Imperial Airways also has under construction, 29 new flying boats. These boats are four motored and ultra-streamlined and will be fitted for regular flying by night as well as day. The super-sensitive controls of these planes as well as other new inventions such as radio beams,

robot pilots, short wave radio, will all help these planes in conquering the one thing dreaded by all pilots flying the ocean,—fog—which is very frequent in the North Atlantic.

The National Aeronautical Association of the United States has announced that plans have been drawn up for a large flying boat which will make regular overnight schedules between New York and London at an estimated cost of \$415 and even dropping as low as \$265.

Germany has had regular air service to South America for over a year and a half without an accident. This brilliant performance was enabled by the use of two ships, stationed between Africa and South America, as floating aerodromes at which the huge Dornier flying boats are refilled and sent upon their way.

From the great interest taken in the feasibility of trans-Atlantic air service by the powers of the world, it is not hard to foresee the day when air service across the Atlantic will be an established fact. Then it will be an every day occurrence to embark in a plane and soar quickly and peacefully to your destination wherever it may be, floating high above the earth, and sea, free from troubles and care. The progress of aviation has been rapid and will be more rapid still, and no one can foretell what benefits aviation will bring to the world in the distant future.

## COLLOIDS

J. C.

COLLOIDAL chemistry is the infant of the chemical family. It has grown, however, like all children very rapidly until at present it plays a by no means unimportant part in industrial chemistry. Man's knowledge increases and as it does he realizes more and more the tremendous part played by colloids in all life processes, and in many chemical actions.

Let us first of all become clear on the meaning of a colloidal solution. If a solution of common salt is added to a solution of silver nitrate a curdy white precipitate forms and quickly settles. If sulphuric acid is added to a solution of barium chloride a very fine precipitate is obtained which settles very slowly and if a solution of sodium hydroxide is added to a solution of aluminum chloride a



gelatinous precipitate forms whose particles are so small that they cannot be seen when under a microscope and which scarcely settles at all. The last is a colloidal solution of aluminum hydroxide and water.

A colloidal solution differs from a true solution then, in that it contains very small particles which are evenly distributed throughout the solution. Unlike true solutions the suspended particles are made up of a number of molecules and are many times the size of the molecules of the solvent. It is believed that almost every pure substance can be reduced to such small particles that they may be suspended in a fluid without settling out: dyeing, laundering, sewage disposal and many other processes depend on this fact.

Colloidal particles are very small, the largest being less than one thousandth of a millimetre in diameter and the smallest one millionth of a millimetre. Obviously such particles are too small to be seen even with a microscope, but Robert Brown, a Scottish botanist discovered in 1827 that small pollen grains in water were in continuous movement, and paved the way to the discovering of a method for observing colloidal particles in solution. Chemists later discovered that if a strong beam of light was directed through a colloidal solution the suspended particles scatter the light waves and become a radiating centre which can be seen as a disk of light.

The particles seen in solution in this way were observed to be in continuous motion, which motion was called "Brownian Movement" after its discoverer Brown. This movement is due to the bombardment of the particles in solution by the molecules of the liquid and it is because of this that the particles remain suspended in the solution and do not settle out.

Colloidal solutions are not limited to solids in liquid but may be a dispersion of a solid in a solid, such as ruby glass;

liquid in liquid, as many emulsions; solid in a gas, as smoke; and liquid in a gas, as clouds and mist.

Now let us see why these colloidal solutions are so important. Perhaps the greatest example of colloidal suspension is the human body. Every nerve, every sinew, every tendon in the human body is composed of intricate systems of colloids. The blood, the skin, the hair, the finger and toenails and even the bones are a mass of colloids. Plants as well as animals are largely colloidal, in fact most plants are water, associated with just enough colloids to form flexible gels.

In industry also colloids play a no less important part. Milk, cream, bread, butter, cheese, soap, starch, wood, rubber, clay, cement, asphalt, leather, wool, silk, cotton, linen and a thousand of articles of every day life are largely colloids; and soil fertilization, water purification, pottery making, cooking and road making depend on colloids for their success.

Soap owes its success as a cleansing agent to the fact that particles of dirt on hands or garments become surrounded with a film of soap and are readily washed away by water. Cod liver oil alone is very distasteful but many emulsions of this valuable tonic are very palatable. Colloidal silver, iron and manganese are playing a more and more important part in medicine because in this form these substances which would otherwise be irritant and impossible to put into the body, become mild and curative, so mild in fact that colloidal silver (argyrol) is used as an eye astringent and soother.

Thus from the cradle to the grave, man, himself a conglomeration of colloids, uses them for food and clothing and makes himself happier and more comfortable by conquering the colloidal world.



## NOT JUST GLASS—

STEWART LOTT

*(Condensed from an article by Philip H. Smith)*

**H**AVE you ever thought of a world without glass? Glass is so cheap and so common that we hardly ever stop to think of how we depend upon it, and of how almost every industry would be paralysed if glass were suddenly to cease to be. One hardly realizes that glass has become almost indispensable in our every day life.

It is generally thought that glass is a brittle, transparent, and easily shattered substance, but this information is utterly incorrect in our age. There are many different types of glass—types which transmit infra-red or ultra-violet rays, X-rays, protective glass which is equal in effectiveness to one-third its thickness of lead; bullet-proof glass, and many other types we could name. In fact it has now become perfectly correct to say that glass is no longer glass as we know it but a substance which can be used for many other things than transmitting light. More progress has been made in the determination of what glass is and what can be done with it in the last twenty years than was accomplished in all the previous 5,980 years since glass was first discovered.

First of all let us look at glass as a building material. Even to-day it is possible to have a house of glass which loses nothing of the privacy of a brick or frame house. Glass blocks can be ordered cheaply and there will be no particular problem in heating and keeping the house in repairs. Several types of glass bricks can be obtained, but to describe one type will be sufficient for they are almost all alike. Two box-shaped pieces of glass or a box and a lid are fused together to form a hollow block. The inside faces of the blocks are fluted in such a manner as to break the light rays, hence, your privacy. With the cooling of the block, a partial

vacuum is created which ensures the glass against becoming frosted in cold weather. By using glass with a low coefficient of expansion, wide variations in temperature can be withstood and a large number of these blocks can be assembled to form a wall surface, with perfect safety. The interior and exterior surfaces of the walls of the house will afford a smooth surface which can be washed; and also the blocks will allow a diffused light to enter the house. There is our glass house of to-day. It will have many distinct advantages over brick homes and the cost will be comparable with that of brick.

In recent years "indirect lighting" has become an important factor in a modern building. Instead of a concentrated light source for the illumination of a room there can be diffusion of the rays through fluted glass so that an illuminated pillar or pilaster is commonly used in large buildings as a source of light. Colour effects too, have been obtained by utilizing neon lights and filters to the extent that great panels and columns of colour replace ordinary lighting.

Light transmission and decorative effects are not the only qualities which recommend glass to the construction industry. Glass can boast of insulating properties when made in the form of wool. This wool looks like ordinary mineral wool but when placed in the wall of a house, provides a blanket for stagnant air pockets and is very resistant to fire. Tiny glass strands are also used as filters. For air conditioning equipment countless numbers of these little strands are laid down in criss-cross fashion within a box-like structure. On one side—the outside when installed—the strands are coarse to catch the larger impurities in the air while on the inside the strands are very fine to remove the smaller particles.



Tempered glass, too, will have household uses. It has been brought forward as a useful component in furniture and because it will withstand great heat, it may be used for a fire-screen or skylight. It can be used for portholes in battle ships because it can be reduced in thickness from  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches to  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch without losing any of its strength.

The advent of glass as an industrial material dates back to the discovery of borosilicate heat-resisting glasses. These are highly resistant to heat and have very hard surfaces which are very resistant to acids with the exception of hydrofluoric and glacial phosphoric. Most households use borosilicate in the form of cooking utensils; the scientific world has employed it in the laboratory and industry knows it in the form of insulators or containers for chemicals. Some of the food industries are using glass piping because it can be sterilized easily, permits visual inspection, is free from corrosion and resists thermal changes.

Bottle-making was, about forty years ago, the task of a man with strong lungs who could blow a lump of molten glass into a bottle. However, to-day an automatic bottle-making machine makes hundreds of bottles at one time. The process is simple. Molten glass exudes from a small opening in the machine into a mould for shaping. It is then transferred automatically to the blowing mechanism and is quickly expelled as a finished product. Were it not for this machine which produces bottles as fast as you can count, they could never have been produced at a cost which permits their becoming a universal container. Electric light bulbs are also produced by a similar machine which makes half a million of them in a day.

Another machine which revolutionized the making of glass is one for drawing tubes. The tube is drawn from a rotating mandrel which is fed with molten

glass in a continuous stream; and this machine also cuts the glass into proper lengths. Tubing of small diameter can be made at the rate of one hundred to one hundred and fifty miles per day. Thermometer tubing however, requires a certain amount of skilled hand-work. The blank is formed by hand and consists of an elongated lump of molten glass backed by a strip of opal glass, carefully formed with a small hole through the centre. Finally the blank is drawn upward 125 to 150 feet into a tower where, after cooling, it is cut into the desired lengths.

The art of glass blowing is not altogether lost but it is declining very quickly and only the most decorative and expensive bottles are blown by human lung power.

For thousands of years glass existed only because it served as a light transmitting material and that was enough to warrant the creation of a large producing industry. To-day we can look back on centuries when glass was just glass, but in the last few years it is easy to see that the glass industry has taken enormous strides. But for all that, glass is still an unpredictable material, not yet lending itself to precise measurement. One cannot witness glass withstanding hammer blows without realizing that its potentialities are great. Nor can one see long flexible strands of the material without thinking that somehow and some day it will be treated like any other thread to fashion new fabrics with new uses. Even for its long history let us not overlook the fact that glass is a modern material and if we treat it as such, we will have a material which is clean, attractive in appearance, has fine qualities of durability, fire resistance and transparency, at our fingertips ready to answer to our every need. Are we going to let glass do these things for us or are we not?



## DIESELS ON WHEELS

CHAS. FINLAY, 3-A.

THE Diesel engine has been developing almost unnoticed since 1925. This engine burns cheap fuel oil efficiently by spontaneous combustion and obtains twelve percent more power per gallon than the gasoline engine. Thus, a Diesel engine will go twice as far on a gallon of fuel oil as a gasoline engine will with gasoline. If the cost of gasoline and fuel oil does level off the Diesel cost will still be half that of gasoline.

The Diesel is still a massive piece of machinery, although in 1925 its weight was brought down to twenty pounds per horsepower, in Europe. This Diesel can go on water and land and may some time go in the air. At present it is designed for trucks, tractors, and trains and is quite new in these lines of transportation.

In 1930 General Motors saw the value of the Diesel and began making railroad engines. Mr. Kettering, their best researcher, chose this market because well over half the locomotives used in the United States are more than twenty years old. The Burlington Zephyr and the Union Pacific M1000 were designed to compete with buses and are therefore undersize in the locomotive class. There is, however, a big thirty-six hundred horsepower electric Diesel for locomotives which would cost sixty cents a mile to run in contrast with steam locomotive

cost of a dollar and twenty-five cents a mile. The saving in cost per annum would be eighty thousand dollars. Electric motors could be used while running in a city thus saving Diesel power.

At present the Diesel is too heavy for pleasure cars but the weight of heavy duty truck engines is greater than the Diesel's. In Germany, there are thirty-eight thousand Diesel trucks and ninety percent of English buses are Dieselize. Economy in Europe is the chief goal so that Diesels have had a great start there, whereas in America the pleasure driver is ready to pay for performance.

The lightweight Diesel has entered into trucking for a certainty. The Pacific Freight Lines of Los Angeles, operates sixty-two Diesels and many other companies also use them.

At present there are eight hundred Diesel trucks in America and large truck companies, Mack, White, Reo and Dodge are making Diesels.

Many people wanted Diesel kept off the roads because of the strong fumes, but it is an absurd idea because although fumes are stronger, they are not the deadly carbon monoxide fumes formed from gasoline.

The Diesel is progressing in railroad engines and trucks so rapidly that it will soon reach perfection.

♦ ♦ ♦

### SKETCH OF A BACTERIOLOGIST

JACK CLUNIE, V-A.

A YOUNG man gazes out of a second story window of a Parisian boarding house. As he gazes, ears slowly course down his cheeks and he sees in imagination his home town of Arbois. Suddenly resolution crystalizes, he springs up, packs his suitcase and begins the

journey home. Louis Pasteur was the boy's name and his first attempt at securing an education had been frustrated by that common malady, home-sickness.

In 1849, however, we see him at the Sorbonne in Paris, a full-fledged chemist devoting his time to the study of crystals.



In his studies he made use of a queer, little known instrument, called a microscope, and, because this microscope possessed the power of enlarging very minute objects, objects invisible to the eye, Pasteur was asked by the wine makers of Sille to search out the cause of their unsuccessful attempts at brewing which were becoming increasingly prevalent.

Pasteur temporarily (so he thought) set aside his crystalloids and set himself to the task of finding out what produced fermentation in wines. Using the discoveries of several brilliant Germans he found out that fermentation was brought about by certain bacteria and that the spoiling of wine was due to certain other bacteria very much similar to the first. Pasteur succeeded in separating the various forms of these yeast bacteria and advised the wine makers to keep their vats covered and to add only a selected yeast instead of allowing the many different kinds of yeast from the air to enter the vats. He also recommended a process for treating wines which has been applied to milk in this country and still bears the name pasteurization.

Pasteur had no chance now to return to chemistry, his first love, for the silk industry of France needed his aid and he proceeded at once to the south of France to try to discover the cause of the sickness which was carrying off all the silkworms. After months of painstaking research he was able to conclude that two things were causing the death of the silkworms. Bacilli of pebrine and bacteria of flacheric were attacking the worms and Pasteur found that only by examining the eggs of the silkworms for these two germs and by segregating the healthy ones could the industry be saved. His researches had been a success, the silk industry had been saved and at last he might turn again to chemistry.

But no—the cattle and sheep industry of France was suffering from a disease

known as anthrax, and a petition signed by no less than 3,600 public officials could not be refused. Pasteur set to work to find a cure for this fatal disease. The cause had already been established by other scientists as a bacterium but no progress had been made towards a cure. Pasteur recalled that Jenner, working in England had immunized people from smallpox by allowing them to contract a mild form of the disease—cowpox. Why, argued Pasteur should not a slight case of anthrax immunize cattle against this disease? Pasteur now injected into the cattle and sheep anthrax culture which had been heated, thus weakening and killing many of the bacilli and able to give the animals only a mild dose of anthrax. After their recovery Pasteur injected the virulent anthrax culture only to see the animals die immediately from the disease.

Pasteur next tried successive injections of depleted culture, concentrating it a little more each time. The animals upon whom this progressive vaccination was tried took successive mild cases of anthrax but finally when injected with the pure culture failed to show any sign of the disease. Pasteur had triumphed again and now, having completed three such gigantic tasks he might indeed retire. Retirement however was the farthest thing from his mind and he now turned to his he has left behind him achievements the cure of hydrophobia.

After many fruitless attempts, he found that progressive vaccination with the dessicated spinal column of diseased animals produced a cure and was able to prove his treatment conclusively when he saved the life of a boy brought to him, suffering from fourteen bites of a mad dog. Soon Pasteur institutes appeared all over the civilized world and to-day thousands of men pursue the study of bacteriology which was begun by him.



## RUBBER

JIM SUMMERS

IN THIS age of chemical endeavour, when one discovery has led to another and where the advancement of one industry has depended upon the progress of another, little attention has been paid to the part played by rubber. Although found by Columbus on one of his voyages, rubber made but comparatively little progress until 1900.

Rubber is obtained from latex, which, contrary to popular opinion, is not the sap of the tree, but a secretion in the outer bark. The latex is a suspension of solid particles and is about 25 percent rubber. On the plantation, acetic acid is added to the latex and the rubber coagulates as a soft, white dough. Sodium bisulphite is added and the dough washed and dried. In this state the rubber is pale yellow in colour and is shipped in special boxes holding about 200 lbs. to the factory.

At the factory the rubber bale is thrown into tanks of warm water to soften it, and from there sheets of rubber go through corrugated steel rollers immersed in running water to carry away the dirt. The next step is to dry the rubber and to weigh out the mixture necessary in the vulcanizing process. In the preparation of this mixture great care is required, for upon it depends the character of the finished product. A typical mixture might contain: rubber, 100 parts, gas black, 35 parts; zinc oxide, 3 parts; sulphur, 5 parts; and accelerator, hexamethylenetetramine, 1 part.

When this mixture is ready, the rubber is put through a masticator and when quite soft, the dry pigments are placed on top of the roll of rubber and gradually mixed in. After cooling it is again drawn through rollers into a sheet and is ready for vulcanizing. (If a fabric coated with rubber is desired, the rubber is

forced by these rollers about the threads of the cloth which is also run through the rollers.)

Vulcanizing a rubber mixture means heating it to a certain temperature for a certain time. In this process the mixture behaves much like bread dough; if left in too short a time it is weak and sticky, and is called undercured, while if left too long it is overcured or burned. Raw rubber, as obtained from the trees, has few desirable qualities. If a raincoat made of raw rubber were left in the cold it would become so stiff as to need no support, while if a man wearing one sat down near a hot stove for a while, the man, his clothes and the chair would be stuck together. Vulcanization removes these qualities, and adds new ones. It can be brought about in a number of different ways—heating with sulphur, etc.; dipping a sheet of pure rubber in sulphur chloride, diluted with carbon bisulphide; using derivatives of coal tar with heat; and by taking the rubber article, treating it with sulphur dioxide and when this is complete, saturating the rubber with hydrogen sulphide. This liberates nascent sulphur which unites with rubber at ordinary temperatures.

Ebonite or hard rubber is the only chemical compound of rubber and sulphur as yet isolated. It is a mono-sulphide,  $C_{10}H_{14}S_4$  and has a maximum of 82 percent combined sulphur. When prepared in the laboratory it is a brown, dry powder, highly resistant to the action of chemicals, and a good insulator against electricity. It has a wide variety of uses, such as fountain pen casings and battery jars.

Because rubber is a hydrocarbon, it can be analyzed and chemists have found that its formula is some multiple of the simple formula  $C_5H_8$ . A recent dispatch from Germany claims that they have produced





artificial rubber from coke and lime which is superior to the natural product, but the artificial product, which incidently, has been prepared in America for the past five years, is much more expensive, and in most instances inferior. In this synthetic process, the coke and lime are converted into calcium carbide and then into rubber which contains a Chlorine atom in place of each methyl radicle present in natural rubber, so its formula is  $(C_4H_5Cl)_x$ .

The uses of rubber are too numerous to list. It plays a much more important part than we realize; the modern automobile depends on rubber to keep it going; the fire fighting department uses rubber hose to extinguish fires quickly; the doctors' gloves and masks preserve the health of the nation, and in many ways rubber is a symbol of modern achievement and comfort.



## THE CHEMIST TO HIS LOVE

I love thee, Mary, and thou lovest me—  
Our mutual flame is like the affinity  
That doth exist between two simple bodies  
I am Potassium to thine Oxygen.  
'Tis little that the holy marriage vow  
Shall shortly make us one. That unity  
Is, after all, but metaphysical.  
O, would that I, my Mary, were an acid,  
A living acid—thou, an alkali.  
Endowed with human sense that, brought together,  
We might both coalesce into one salt,  
One homogeneous crystal! O that thou  
Wert Carbon, and myself were Hydrogen!  
We would unite to form olefiant gas,  
Or common coal, or naptha. Would to Heaven  
That I were Phosphorous and thou wert Lime,  
And we of Lime composed a Phosphuret!  
I'd be content to be Sulphuric Acid,  
So that thou might be Soda; in that case  
We should be Glauber's Salt. Wert thou Magnesia  
Instead we'd form the salt that's named from Epsom.  
Couldst thou Potassa be, I Aquafortis  
Our happy union should that compound form,  
Nitrate of Potash—otherwise Saltpetre.  
And thus our several natures, sweetly blent,  
We'd live and love together, until death  
Should decompose the fleshy "*tertium quid*"  
Leaving our souls to all eternity  
Amalgamated. Sweet, thy name is Briggs  
And mine is Johnson. Wherefore should not we  
Agree to form a Johnsonate of Briggs?  
We will! The day, the happy day is nigh,  
When Johnson shall with beauteous Briggs combine!



## FAVORITE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS OF A PAST GENERATION

MARY MADDEN

WHEN we read the novels of Dickens, his contemporaries and his immediate predecessors, we find it frequently mentioned that Mr. This or Mr. That played the flute, or tried to. And the present generation may wonder why that instrument and not the piano or violin was so much in favor. There is no other explanation than that it was the fashion of the day. Up to the first twenty years of Queen Victoria's reign male amateurs chose the flute and female amateurs the harp, quite a minority devoting themselves either to violin or piano.

As mentioned above, most young ladies who were ladies learned to play the harp in those days. The position of the player, the attitude of the arms, neck and body generally, and the flowing lines of their ample gowns were thought to be very graceful. It is probable that the tendency of the harp to go flat in a heated temperature and the consequent necessity of frequent tuning up may have contributed to its going out of fashion as a solo instrument. But the problem is what has become of all the harps that were so much in evidence? Where are they? Except in an occasional orchestra, one is seldom seen.

The harp that sounded "Through Tara's Halls" has migrated to Queen's Hall and the flute with which Orpheus charmed trees and wild beasts has, as a solo instrument, taken an even longer journey.

Was there not a cynic who asked, "What is more tiresome than a flute solo?" and answered his own question with, "A duet for two flutes." Papaveno in "Il Flauto Magico" sings of his flute, but it is not our flute he handles, it is a shepherd's pipe. And Master Hamlet when he reproves Rosencrantz and Guildenstern with, "Though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me," speaks of a pipe, not a flute. But in the orchestra the flute holds its ground. All the great Masters have left us bits of orchestration scattered through their symphonies and overtures in which the flute is a most important factor, by reason of its particular *timbre* so unlike that of any wind instrument.

These two musical instruments, the flute and the harp have passed into oblivion, and we wonder what instrument will take the place of our present day violin and piano in our grandchildren's generation.



## SIR EDWARD ELGAR

KAY GLYNN

THE death of Sir Edward Elgar on February 23, 1934, removed a great figure from the world of music.

Elgar had little education, having left school at the age of fifteen. His father tried to induce him to study law, but he gave this up after a year, to devote his time to his music. He liked to find things out for himself, and did not mind the trouble it took. He would sit beside his father at the organ in St. George's Roman Catholic Church, watching closely how he played, and sometimes he even tried composing music himself. The piano and violin he mostly picked up for himself. In his father's music warehouse he found many instruments, and soon could play the piano, organ, violin, viola, violincello and bassoon.

Young Edward followed in his father's footsteps, and played the violin in the orchestra of the Three Choir Festival. Thinking he might some day go to Germany, he taught himself the German language. For the usual boyish sports, he could not spare the time.

As for his training in music, it was like his education—curiously hit-or-miss. At the age of twenty-two he conducted a band of his own. If he lacked the money to buy a certain piece of music, he would sit up all night to copy it.

The great puzzle, however, came when he tried to learn something about form, without which, he had discovered, no composition of any length could be made to hold the interest. How was he to learn tonal architecture? After long pondering, he decided to take lessons from one of the great tonal architects—say Mozart. It was true that Mozart had died half a century before in Vienna, but that could not defeat Edward Elgar. Taking the "G-Minor Symphony" as a model, he wrote an entire symphony of his own in exact imitation of Mozart's harmonic plan,

modulating exactly where Mozart did, but using his own themes. It was tedious, but it was worth while.

Elgar, at the age of thirty-two, married Alice, daughter of Major General Henry Gee Roberts, K.C.B. She was of a station slightly superior to his, and was obliged to give up a considerable income in order to marry him, but she was proud of him, and deeply interested in his work through the more than thirty years of their married life until her death in 1920. She was one of his most vigorous critics, and she induced him to revise a certain movement that was eventually played at her funeral. He cared enough for her to revoke his earlier resolve to live and die plain Mr. Edward Elgar, and to accept in 1904 the title he knew would please her. It is a pretty story. Titles are of little worth, but affection is priceless.

A few years later, in 1893, the first of his long series of choral works had won some local success and he was invited to show compositions to the management of Covent Garden Promenade Concerts. He went up to London in great excitement, a portfolio of his best manuscripts under his arm. Before they were even looked at, Sir Arthur Sullivan, then at the height of his fame, came in with new things to be tried out and Edward returned to Worcester with his portfolio unopened. Sullivan hadn't even realized his presence.

It was towards the end of the nineties, after nearly a decade of married life, that the idea of writing a series, of depicting the personalities of his friends, came quite casually to him.

It was in 1899, that Elgar first exhibited this portrait gallery of his friends, yet even its closeness in date to the greatest of all his choral works, did not secure acceptance for it in England till it had



been praised by Strauss and conducted on a tour by Richter.

In all his works Elgar is well served by the alert curiosity and sturdy independence of mind that we have remarked in him from his youth up. In all his works there is beauty and strong individuality. In short, Elgar, instead of confining the world of music to the limits of England, gave England a voice thoroughly its own, yet universal enough to be heard throughout the world. Admitted that his

writings appeal more to the English than the foreign mind, yet the sum of his achievement is a great gain to music and a great monument to English music. If there is any truth in the saying that English music is like a tree which flowers once in a hundred years, then it must be admitted that the flowering time agreed with his coming. For there is no English name so great as Edward Elgar in the 19th century.



S. C. I. & T. S. ORCHESTRA

Back Row: B. Thompson, R. Bury, R. Oliver, B. Taylor, D. Levitt, J. Connor, M. Phibbs.

Middle Row: W. Jarvis, F. Bonner, A. Smith, Mr. Adie, J. Smith, Mr. Brush, C. Stover, M. Gibson, E. Cares, D. Greason.

Front Row: J. Williamson, W. Cole, M. Keskanek, M. Kolody, D. VanSickle, H. Cares, H. Cruickshank, E. Ward, Miss Ramsden, S. McDermid, R. Dailey.

### THE S. C. I. & T. S. ORCHESTRA

EVERY one about the school is familiar with this group of clever young musicians under the direction of Mr. W. E. Brush. The Assembly Hall in the morning is the scene of its bright and inspiring marches.

This year the Senior Orchestra presented its annual concert in the Assembly Hall of the school on Wednesday evening, February 19, assisted by the Sarnia

Glee Club under the direction of Mr. G. Colebrook, and the senior piano pupils of the members of the Lambton County Music Teachers' Federation. The affair was very successful, and was greatly appreciated by a large audience of music lovers. The orchestra presented for its own part in the brilliant program, the following:



Overture: "Don Juan" ..... *Mozart*  
 Duet for Horn and Flute: "Serenade"

..... *Tittl*

Eugene Cares and James Connors

(a) Prelude and Siciliana .....

(b) Intermezzo from "Cavalleria

Rusticana" ..... *Mascagni*

Selection: "Countess Maritza" ..... *Kalmon*

Duet for Clarinets—"Second Reverie"

..... *Fabre*

Arthur Smith and Frank Bonner

Hungarian Dances No. 5 and 6 ..... *Brahms*

March from "Tannhauser" ..... *Wagner*

Last spring an "Ontario Secondary School Symphony Orchestra" was founded, being made up of more than one hundred members of orchestras from High Schools all over the province. Three members of our S. C. I. Orchestra were included in the selected list, which brings a great honour to the Senior Orchestra, and to the school. This year a number of members of the orchestra are again seeking a place in this unique organization of young musicians.

In the 1935 Lambton County Musical Festival, the Senior Orchestra lost in open competition to the more experienced

Stratford Orchestra in the test selection "Italians in Algiers," by Rossini. Although not successful, a very complimentary criticism was given by the adjudicator, and a great effort is being put forth this year on the test selection, "Don Juan," by Mozart.

#### THE PERSONNEL:

Conductor—Mr. W. E. Brush.

Piano—Helen Cares.

Violins—Jim Williamson, Bill Cole, Gladys Burns, Elaine Ward, Stuart McDermid, Mary Keskanek, Helen Cruickshank, Ray Dailey, Miss J. Ramsden, Dorothy Vansickle, Murray Phibbs, Mary Colody.

Flute—Jim Connors.

Clarinets—Jim Smith, R. Mendizabál, Ray Oliver.

Trumpets—Bob Bury, Bruce Thompson.

Alto Horns—Bruce Taylor, Eugene Cares.

Trombones—Charles Stover, Murray Gibson.

Euphonium—Don Greason.

Bass—Mr. Dobbins, Bill Jarvis.

Drums—Don Levitt.

### THE JUNIOR ORCHESTRA

THIS group of the younger musicians is made up of pupils from the Public Schools of Sarnia and the lower forms of the Collegiate. Under the careful instruction of its conductor, Mr. W. E. Brush, they learn much about orchestra work and form a base for our Senior Orchestra.

At the 1935 Lambton County Music Festival, held last May, the orchestra

was given a very inspiring criticism by the adjudicator and was commended for its good work in playing the test selection, "Health and Wealth," by Weidt. They were successful in retaining the St. Clair Chapter I. O. D. E. shield.

Again this year, the orchestra will be entered in the Music Festival, playing the test piece, "Pomp and Chivalry" by Roberts.



THE BAND

Back Row: C. Thompson, W. Whiting, W. Manser, M. Vokes, W. Pilkey, W. Jarvis, W. McMahon, E. Cares, B. Taylor, W. Williams, D. Richardson.

Middle Row: A. McAllister, Mr. Adie, R. Oliver, J. Smith, F. Bonner, A. Smith, C. Stover, M. Gibson, R. Hammett, D. Greason, Mr. Brush.

Front Row: R. Bury, B. Thompson, D. Elliott, W. Whitely, W. Anderson, D. Simpson, D. Levitt, R. Daley, J. Connor, J. McKenzie, D. Parks, D. Hallam.

### THE S. C. I. & T. S. BAND

HERE is a splendid organization of young musicians which is seldom heard around the school except at Cadet time. It would be extremely dull cadet training for the boys without the band, for it puts "pep" into the cadets and rhythm to the marching. It also gives a thrill to those who gather on Inspection Day to witness the cadet manoeuvres centred about the *tempo marcato* of the wind instruments.

This year the band did not appear in the annual concert but it is hoped a display of their work will be given soon.

Under the skilled baton of Mr. W. E. Brush, the members of this organization include:

Drums—Don Levitt.

Trumpets—Bob Bury, Bruce Thompson, Ted Kemp, Don Hallam, Don Parks, Jack MacKenzie.

Euphonium—Don Greason, Bill Whiting, Bill Manser.

Horns—Bruce Taylor, Eugene Cares, Bill Williams, Doug Richardson, Robert Ellinor, Wes MacMahan.

Clarinets—Jim Smith, Ray Oliver, R. Mendizabál, Bill Whitely, David Asbury, Doug Elliott.

Flute—Jim Connors.

Basses—Mr. Dobbins, Bill Pilkey, Myles Vokes, Bill Jarvis.

Trombones—Charles Stover, Murray Gibson, Bob Hammett.



## THE NOVICE

MARY FRANCES MADDEN

A MOMENT ago it had been a large, busy hospital, incongruously clean and orderly in this gory battlefield; now a mass of tangled wreckage symbolic of the lines and hopes which the war left behind it. Out of this wreckage, a young girl in a uniform is carried. Later, much later, a weary doctor turns from the bed of a dying soldier to be informed that there is yet one more patient—a patient lying upon a narrow white bed in a small convent nearby. The doctor's visit is a short one. The patient is suffering from shock, bruises and—blindness. Quiet, little food and a great deal of rest are needed. Nothing can be done for her eyes. They are gone. Mother Angela takes her instructions quietly and then goes into the tiny room to begin her long, untiring vigil.

\* \* \* \*

It is some years later at the same French convent. A tall figure in the long white robe of a novice stands, back to the room, by an open window. A narrow iron bed, straight chair and high, old-fashioned bureau furnish the small room and give it a clean, sturdy ugliness.

The window overlooks large vineyards in which gaily dressed peasants sing as they work.

Steps are heard and as the door opens, the white-robed form turns, revealing a beautiful face under the tight veil, a high intelligent forehead, long aristocratic nose and a full generous mouth. But it is the eyes that attract attention—large grey eyes, wide and blank, with that blankness peculiar to the blind. The bent, old Mother Superior touches the girl's arm, reassuringly, as she enters. The time has come. The novice turns her face away as she grips the sill tightly. Not for anything would she hurt this good, kind soul who has cared for her so tenderly all these years. She must not know the pain and doubt there is in her heart. The still-young girl thinks of all the beautiful, romantic dreams that she will be relinquishing in another hour. The dreams of adventure and romance that only strange countries can offer. She thinks of the love of those dear friends and relatives that is being denied her. She thinks of the dreary, lonely days, each one an eternity, in this quiet out-



of-the-way convent. She thinks of these things and wonders desperately why her eyes have been taken. She is a woman doomed by blindness to live a lonely, solitary and worse—inactive life. Mother Angela's beads rattle as she moves uneasily. The familiar sound arouses the novice, she turns and follows the older nun down to the chapel.

\* \* \* \*

An hour or two later, Sister Marie de Lourdes (formerly the novice) rises from the pew to leave the chapel. As she nears the door, she hesitates, momentarily, and then—slowly slips to her knees. Mother Angela hastens to her side and bends over her anxiously. The girl raises her face, and, in an awed whisper says, "Mother, I can see!"

## BEAUTY

JOAN DAVID

**B**EAUTY is like a candle burning with a golden light in the darkness — like a soft wind slipping through whispering leaves. But it is the individual who makes beauty for himself. All people must see some light, for it is there, but to some that light becomes so bright by watching it, that all else is lost in its brilliance. All that is bitter and sorrowful, all that is ugly, like the great chasm of darkness, is consumed by that light.

He who is blind to beauty goes sorrowfully through the night moaning and afraid, but to him whose eyes are clear, the light of the stars costs the shadows behind him, and the world is filled with the singing of the night wind and of the songs that nature and life play upon his heart.

How fine it would be if there might be doctors to open the eyes of the blind; if there might be found a balm to soften hearts and eyes until hatred and fear were thrown off like a dread disease and Beauty cast her arms about them and lifted them above the follies of humanity into the clear light of perfection and peace. Then would they pass through life unafraid, to wing at last, friendly with Death, into the great spaces of the unknown.

Life is all too short to enjoy the price-

less gifts of Beauty and all too long for the affliction of the blind.

Omar Khayyam was wise to advocate the drinking of life's wine to-day, fearless of tomorrow. Drink in all that is beautiful to-day and leave the bitterness for the tomorrow that may never come.

Who can describe Beauty? Men throughout the ages have tried, but have they succeeded in translating it into words? Who can deny the Maker, when such things as Beauty—that we do not understand—kindle such fine emotions, hope, love, faith, the desire for self-expression, the desire to add more beauty to a beautiful world—beautiful, that is, to some of its people, a place of existence to the blind.

Though, none of us is entirely blind. Every body with a human heart is moved by some, if not all, of the wonders of the Great Artist. Perhaps the quiet mood of a glorious sunset, the dropping of the first rose petal, the early colouring of the leaves, does not move one person to grief or joy, yet the roar of the ocean waves, the magnificence of thunder make the blood leap in that same person's veins.

Beauty is not the same thing to all persons. It is the power of the mind to translate a colour or sound to beauty, and the power of the heart to feel it, therefore beauty is a part of one's intricate





makeup, a part of the soul.

Beauty has made men great—writers, artists, musicians, philosophers, whose business is beauty. How great we all might be, not in fields of Fame, but truly great, if beauty were our business, or a portion thereof.

How much stronger we become when Beauty has taken us by the hand and shown us the bright colours, blinding us to the dull, opened our ears to the music

of life and deafened us to the tide of tears that washes upon the path of life and, completely obliterating it in places, gives us the courage to struggle through until, at the end of the path, Beauty in the form of Death gives us the golden key—the key to the unknown where Beauty must certainly walk and greet us as a fellow there, for God is perfection and Beauty a shadow, and an echo of His voice.



## THE CAPTAIN'S GUARD

MARION RAMSEY

IT SEEMED as though the "Albatross" harboured a devil. The half rations and the brackish water in her tanks had added another fiend to death's army. Six men had died of scurvy and beri-beri, and the rest of her crew were sick with fear of the plague. No single craft did she meet from which provisions could be secured; not one of the rain clouds that had appeared, came near enough to provide her with water. For weeks she had lain in calms, only to be held back by long, fierce storms after she reached Cape Horn.

She was a four-masted vessel, a fine ship, but filthy dirty. Everything was untidy from stem to stern. Her captain, a fat, unkempt fellow, was as dirty as his ship. And yet, however unsightly and bare the rest of the ship might be, the captain could always find some paint with which to refresh, adorn and beautify the figure-head—the Albatross, ruler of the Southern Seas.

Whoever carved that figure-head was an artist. His albatross was indeed ruler of the seas, looking out proudly over the waves below, its great wings outspread as if to rise. The body of the bird was painted white, its bill tipped with gold: "The Captain's Guard" they called it. Once a great plank had hurtled from above like an arrow toward the captain

and would have crushed him, but the albatross had broken the blow. A fresh coat of paint and the captain's blessings had been its reward. And yet another time, the noble bird had caught a quivering knife and held it fast in its wing.

And just at sunset, the Old Man stood with his hand upon the albatross, looking out over the water. Behind him on the deck, a sailor leaned against the rail. A sailor with a thin, drawn face, a half-grown, tangled beard and long, matted hair, a man in whose face could be seen starvation, sickness, thirst and in whose eyes there was a gleam of madness and hate. He thought of how the captain had ridiculed him and kicked him when he had been caught drunk, of how the rations of peas and beans were swiftly diminishing and, jealously, of the smug security of the albatross from the captain's cruelty and bitter remarks—and his hand reached for a hidden knife.

He crept up behind the captain softly, a look of madness in his glittering eyes, and gloated over the fact that the figure-head could not save the captain now. No, it was stationary and unreal and could not suddenly circle out to protect the broad back of the captain.

The knife rose in the air, scrawny fingers clutching it fiercely, the thin body bent forward to put all its strength into



the blow—Whrr!

A sudden rush of air, great wings beating wildly—and at him, a huge white form swooped, threatening, avenging, terrible. Shrieking it swept down—closer—closer. His brain reeling, his strength failing, the arm that held the knife paralyzed. No space to move in, no space to breathe in. The golden beak gleaming—gleaming—hurting him.

One scream he uttered, "The Cap'n's

Guard!" and fell. The ship's dead numbered seven.

The sun had disappeared in the west. The "Albatross" sailed on. Above, hovered a huge white bird, majestically sweeping up and down, now before the bow, now behind the stern, circling the ship. While on the ship's bow, looking out proudly over the waves below, its great wings outspread, was the "Captain's Guard," ruler of the Southern Seas.



### A MODERN PROPHET

J. M. GOULD

*"I had dreamed at the City School in Oxford of hustling into form, while I lived, the New Asia which time was inexorably bringing upon us. Mecca was to lead Damascus; Damascus to lead Anatolia, and afterwards to lead Babdad."*

*—Excerpt from the Prologue to "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom."*

DEATH has claimed another of the Empire's heroes in the course of the last few months in the person of Col. E. T. Lawrence, popularly known as Lawrence of Arabia. Lawrence, while he lived, was a most romantic figure in the eyes of the world, and was so constantly hounded by curious people that in order to gain some privacy he changed his name to "Shaw."

A very small man, with blonde hair, and vivid blue eyes, in character retiring and timid, this Oxford graduate, archaeologist, and, in the end, the British genius in the direction of the Arab forces, was the inspiration which plotted and carried through the amazingly successful Arab rebellion against the Turks during the Great War. This same man, with that sturdy independence of spirit which breathes through all the pages of his remarkable book, did not hesitate to break with the Paris Peace Conference on the ground that the Arabs had not received the consideration due from the Allies. After this rupture with authority in high

places Lawrence practically withdrew from the world, and, refusing wealth and honours, began his inside story of the Arabian revolution.

Doubtless many have read the "Revolt in the Desert," which was first published by Lawrence in 1926; this was but an abridgment of his truly monumental work—"The Seven Pillars of Wisdom." The first edition of this work was confined to a very small number of volumes, and it is only since his death that it has been placed upon the open market.

The "Seven Pillars of Wisdom" refers to seven important cities of the Near East. They are Cairo, Istanbul, Smyrna, Aleppo, Damascus, Beyrout, and Medina. The inspiration for this title came from the Bible, and is to be found in the first verse of the ninth chapter of Proverbs, which reads: "*Wisdom hath builded a house; she hath hewn out her seven pillars,*" a verse which, Lawrence considered, appropriately suggested the unification of those nomadic peoples, the Arabs.



In this book the author has displayed an amazing insight into Arabic life and character. He has cleverly depicted their mental ability, he has shown their shrewdness, their quick wit, and last but not least, their subtleness and ability for intrigue.

It is hardly conceivable that a lone Englishman could become the spur of a revolt of such proportions, and yet the fact remains that this was accomplished. Lawrence in his two years among them, by assuming their dress, eating and sleeping with them, arguing with them after their fashion, riding and fighting with them as occasion required, won their respect and devotion as perhaps no other white man has ever done.

The culmination of these two exciting years was the capture of Damascus, and the emancipation of the Arabs from the Turks.

But, was that the end of the Arabian revolution? Lawrence was loathe to think so. The time will come, he predicts, when the Eastern people will take their places among the leading nations of the world. Lawrence knew that his opinion was not shared by many, but his faith in his conclusion did not waver. Closing his book he wrote: "Fantasies they may seem to such as are able to call my beginning an ordinary effort."

Fantasies, and some day realities.

Lawrence,—The Modern Prophet.

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## THE CURSE

JOAN DAVID

OLD Sara nodded and mumbled in her high-backed old armchair before the fire. The wind began to whistle as day darkened into night, and great waves flung angry spray over the dark rocks. The lights of the little cottage high up on the wind-swept cliffs, glowed yellow against the dark hillside, rising from the wild and rugged Welsh coast.

Inside the cottage Old Sara had stopped her mumbling to say, "'Tis not the time of thy visits with me, Owen bach, why didst leave thy studies in London?"

"'Twas the sea, grandmother, I could not read or think for always the sea was between me and my thoughts, and I could not hear for the sound of it—and it is my birthday to-day, you know."

Old Sara made a sound like a moan and fell back to her mumbling. Owen stirred the sleeping fire to flames.

"Why do you mumble so, in the darkness before the fire?" he asked as he rose and crossed to the little window to

gaze out at the turbulent sea. To-night he was restless. Indeed, he had been restless for some time now. He watched the green-grey swells breaking as they crept onward toward the rocks at the foot of the cliffs. It was almost high tide now, and the wind and waves sang a song that was beautiful to the lad who had come of a line of seamen.

"Oh, Owen bach, to-night is the night of the curse, Owen! Owen! 'Tis not safe for thee. Oh, why didst thou come to-night?"

The lad turned his head from the window. There was pity in the young face. His grandmother was old and the tragic deaths of her husband and two sons had left her with fear in her heart for the boy she loved so dearly.

"'Twas a night like this, Owen. Thy grandfather came and told us in the afternoon—told us of the curse of Black Jenkins." She moaned and covered her face with trembling hands. The old



clock ticked loudly on the mantle shelf.

"Captain of the Cormorant, was Jenkins, an evil man was he. Thy grandfather could endure his tyranny no longer, and so—it was mutiny. The crew was with him, and they cast Jenkins upon a bare rock far out at sea when the tide was coming in. 'Owen Hughes' shouted Jenkins, as they sailed away, 'Tis thou and thy sons and the sons of them I curse. May the sea take thee and thine as it will take me this night.' And that night thy grandfather sailed away."

A tear tricked down her withered cheek. "The Cormorant was seen no more."

It was too dark to see, but Owen could hear the breakers below on the rocks. Old Sara continued.

"For two years, not a word did I have of him. Then one day, young Glyndwr, Will Horgan's lad, came running to my door—"

Owen had many times heard how his grandfather had been washed ashore in the night—the night of his own birth, two years to the day of Black Jenkins' death.

On his tenth birthday, Owen's father and uncle had put out to sea for the night's fishing. On a calm sea, in a trustworthy boat, something had happened, and the empty boat came drifting in on the morning tide. The two bodies were found clasped in each other's arms on the sands where they had played together as boys.

Now, another ten years had passed and Owen was twenty. He woke from his reverie to realize his grandmother was still sobbing. She would be ill. He must do something for her.

"I will go over to Pen-y-bryn and fetch Gwen Rhys. She will come over and talk with you, and perhaps stay to-night to cheer thee, grandmother." He patted the shaking shoulder, and stirred the fire to a ruddier glow.

"No! No! 'Tis not safe to-night—'tis the night of the curse!" But the door

had opened, letting in the cool air, and closed again. Owen had gone.

\* \* \* \*

The full moon had risen and a path of gold was stretching over the tumbling waters. He turned from the sea, and, as he climbed, the grass made a soft carpet beneath his feet, and the graceful ferns brushed lightly against his knees. He smiled to himself as he thought of "The Curse." It was a strange coincidence, the death of his grandfather, and then his father and uncle, all on the anniversary of Black Jenkins' death. The thought of the curse did not worry him, if only he could make his old grandmother forget it.

Gwen would come, and, in her cheery old way, make his grandmother forget the tragedies. He could now see the lights in the windows of Pen-y-bryn. Suddenly he paused. He seemed to hear a voice on the wind. It couldn't be. But there it was again. He turned toward the cliffs, and his face whitened at what he saw.

By the pale light of the moon, he could see Old Sara moving toward the edge of the cliff. Did she not know how dangerous the edge of the cliffs were? She was calling a name. "Owen! Owen!"

"I am coming, grandmother," he called as he sped toward her. But she did not hear. She called another Owen, long since gone to his rest.

When he reached Old Sara, she was pointing a trembling finger out at the waves. "The Cormorant! The Cormorant!" He threw his arm about her frail form.

"No, no, dear grandmother. 'Tis but a fishing boat, trying to make harbour before the storm."

Her eyes were fixed on the distant boat, and she resisted his gentle efforts to draw her inland.

Suddenly there was a sickening sound. The ground beneath them had given



way. Two figures hurtled down through the darkness. A great wave roared against the cliff, and then—there was only

the night and the sea.

The curse was broken! The last of the line of Owen Hughes had met the sea.



## A TYPICAL NIGHT'S HOMEWORK

JOAN LAMPEL

IT WAS half past seven Wednesday evening. I had eaten my dinner, read the paper, and done everything possible to delay this five-times-a-week ordeal—homework. Sitting at my desk, gazing at the stack of textbooks on the right and the pile of notebooks on the left and the litter of papers in the middle topped by an accusing time-table, I resigned myself to the inevitable, and decided to do Literature first.

I picked the dark blue text books, but discovered that it was the book, "Short Stories and Essays," not "Shorter Poems," the book I needed. "But I have plenty of time," I reasoned, "I'll read a story in this." I read a story and three essays. The clock, chiming eight-fifteen induced me to tear myself away from the book. Forgetting Literature I did my German homework until eight-thirty, when I rushed to the radio to listen to "the nitwits of the networks," Burns and Allen.

At nine o'clock I returned to my desk, but as I picked up my pen, I heard the name "Lily Pons" mentioned by the announcer. The rest of the German could wait, I decided. "She may sing a German song." With this brilliant remark, I squelched my conscience.

"Well, did she?" sneered Conscience, at nine-thirty when Miss Pon's last skyscraper note had faded away.

"I've done enough German," I retorted. "Anyway, what did German ever do for me?" I was interrupted by the strains of a popular melody, "played in the inimitable style of Ray Noble," the

announcer informed me.

However, I really did some of my Algebra when I could resist the temptation to listen and perhaps even sing some favorite song. I had to show Conscience that I "could take my radio or leave it alone."

The next subject on the time-table was History. The pleasant surprise that I had completed that raised me from the depths of despair to the heights of happiness. (What an expressive phrase! I must use that in my next essay). With a light heart I went on to Composition and what is laughingly called a piece of work, when my cousin entered the house.

She did not find it hard to persuade me to leave my homework for a chat. The conversation touched on food, and I discovered, to my amazement that I was extremely hungry. However, I soon satisfied this primitive urge and returned to the talk.

The clock struck eleven just as my cousin left. I returned to my desk and looked at that time-table. What luck! I had done all my morning's homework and I had a study period before the other subjects in the afternoon!

"Well, Conscience, I've certainly outwitted you this time," I jeered.

"Yes," replied Conscience, you certainly have. By the way, had you forgotten that you did *half* your Algebra, *half* your German and *no* Literature? Pleasant dreams, dear." And Conscience retired, leaving me stricken.



## HIS NIGHT OUT

BESSIE MANNING

TABBY reclined contentedly on a vast pile of silk cushions and gazed out of the window into the approaching dusk. He was pensive and demure with a round, handsome face, a snowy beard, velvet paws, jet black ears, and emerald green eyes. His purr could scarcely be heard above the singing of crickets outside. Suddenly the Persian arose. He wondered vaguely if the mistress would mind if he went for a stroll. Somehow he did not care whether she did or not, to-night.

After a leap from open window to soft earth, he padded silently through the garden, winding his way around the stems of gay flowers,—long since gone to bed.

"Psst!"

Tabby started. His heart began to pound and he wished with all his soul that he was back in his soft bed of silk cushions.

"Hi, bo!" came a voice from nowhere. "Shall we go for a stroll?"

Around a bush swaggered an alley cat, with a chewed-up remnant of a tail, one black eye, and a twisted grin. He undoubtedly belonged to the caste that battles for existence with the world—and wins.

"My handle's Ring-Tail Pete," this creature stated. "Shall we go get some frawgs?"

Tabby wondered what a "frawg" was, but said nothing. Finally he swallowed his disgust and the two felines started for a slimy pond on the other side of the garden wall. Now Tabby had never been over that wall and was afraid of what might be on the other side of it. Nevertheless, over he went.

"Shall we call for the ladies, Napoleon?" came from the darkness ahead of Tabby.

"What ladies?" he timidly asked.

"The ladies we are going to eat with."

"Oh!" said the aristocrat.

It was not long before they came upon the "ladies." Pete's friend was a thin, bold, dirty, white cat of a doubtful caste.

"Hi, Mame! said Pete, "Shake hands with bo!"

Mame looked with open admiration at this handsome gentleman and politely asked if he were single. She then introduced her friend, Lizzie, who seemed to be quite impressed by this "swell gent."

The little foursome proceeded to the frog pond and ate their fill. From there they went to a catnip bed and here Tabby's senses swam in ecstasy—in fact, he became very drunk.

But their happy travels were short-lived, for without an instant's warning, Lizzie, Mame and Pete went clawing up a water-pipe to the roof above while down the alley came a shrill, defiant yowl.

"Chase yourself bo!" called Pete fearfully, "It's Ash-Can Sam!"

Now Ash-Can Sam weighed eleven pounds and two ounces and always kept himself in training. At the present moment he came swaggering around the corner and paused, astounded, at the sight of a stranger sitting in the middle of the street. The insolence of it!

"I will not retreat from any cat alive!" stated the aristocrat in brave audacity.

"Say! One more statement like that from you and I'll come over there and attend to you! What do you say to that?"

"Bosh!" said Tabby. "You'd run from a pet canary."

And so the fight was on. Tabby had never been in a fight before, but his memory of inheritance was aroused and he was no longer a pampered, velvet-hearted cat.

The battle died with sizzling spit and a lean streak shot toward the haven of



the alley's mouth. That streak was Ash-Can Sam. Tabby was left battered and bleeding, but purring with happiness.

After escorting him all the way to his

home, the ladies kissed him good-night.

"My word!" breathed Tabby as he clambered weakly over the garden wall.

### WHAT IS YOUR AGE?

ONE of the things that has always bothered me is the thought of middle age. Does it sneak on like a subpoena-server, or is it a slow process requiring several years? Is one young one day, and a middle-aged has-been the next, or does it take six or seven, or ten years before a genuinely young person addresses one respectfully as "Sir"?

Well, after thinking it over, I have formed a theory. I know all about it, what it is, how it affects a victim, what it does to his outlook, and when it begins.

The exact moment when you become middle-aged is when you begin to discuss your bodily ailments and afflictions, to find conversational forage in the deficiencies of your alimentary canal, the disintegration of your glands, or the phenomenal size of your adenoids. On that day you have ceased to be young be you 16 or 60.

The middle-aged person is the one who comes to your house and asks, "Well, Jim, how are you?"

"Fine," you return heartily. "Sit down, Joe, and how are you?"

"Well, not so, Jim," he says, with a resigned gesture, heaving a long sigh.

"You look fine, Joe," you say to him, warmly. "How are you feeling?"

You expect him to answer "fine," or "so-and-so," or to ignore the question altogether, but you have unwittingly stumbled into a vast morass of symptoms.

"Not any too good, Jim," he replies, and immediately launches himself into a highly technical and exhaustive dissertation on his varied ailments, real and imagined.

There is plenty the matter with Joe, and with every other middle-aged man and woman. That is why they are middle-aged.

This particular wreck confides in a conspiratorial whisper that the doctors believe it must be his tonsils, or it may be his teeth. If it is not his teeth, it is a rare germ called *bacillus byrex* which is playing hide and seek in the crevices of his spine.

Anyway, Joe's heart and stomach are out of joint; he cannot sleep nights; he cannot eat; or take exercise; or drink coffee, tea, cocoa, milk, coca-cola, orange juice, vodka, water, or ginger beer. Although you may not have seen Joe for a year, you learn nothing from him except that the doctors mean to find out what is wrong in his major colon if it kills him.

There are, thank goodness, plenty of people left who will never be old. They will die young, because, being the possessors of one of the most valued gifts of the gods, they never have the urge to broadcast their ills in public. They are in the minority and are very pleasant people to know, for they have time for intelligent conversation.

The others are victims of a distressing mental habit and, unfortunately, they refuse to stay home and have their diseases in modest privacy. These decrepit adolescents demand publicity for their appendicities and they try their hardest to get it.

The secret of youth is to remain silent about your leaky sinus, and your punctured diaphragm; never to go near a hospital except as the sympathetic bearer of a basket of fruit and "Anthony Adverse"



to comfort an afflicted friend; never to let a strange specialist peer into your gullet, for if you do, he will howl for your tonsils like Geronimo and his savage Apaches clamoured for your great-grand-

father's scalp; never to have your teeth photographed; or your sacra and lumbar X-rayed, because on that day you may say farewell to youth forever.



## THE LEGEND OF THE TEMPLE BELL

MARION MACKINLAY

THE Ta Chung Ssu is situated three and one-half miles beyond the walls of Peking and of the many other sanctuaries there, it is probably the best known to foreigners.

The Ta Chung Ssu or The Great Temple Bell is also known as the Cheuh Shou Ssu or The Temple Where They Understand the Secret of Existence. This temple is renowned for its large bell. This famous bell was moved from Wan Shou Ssu, its birth-place, to Peking in Seventeen Hundred and Forty-three. The bell is housed in a red-eaved, hexagonal building. In each of the six corners hangs a wind bell which tinkles with every passing breeze. The bell is hung on enormous rafters, and the curved sides have sayings from the Sacred Books engraved on them in three languages.

To a person standing in the pit beneath, the bell looks to be a great height, which it really is. By actual measurements, the bell is seventeen feet high, thirty-four feet at its greatest circumference, and eight inches thick. Its weight is estimated at between twenty thousand and eight thousand pounds. Though the bell at Moscow is larger, this Chinese bell is the largest hanging bell in the world. In order to move it from Wan Shou Ssu to its present position a canal was dug in summer, and when the canal was frozen solid in winter, the bell was slid along over the ice. Was this not an intelligent method of moving such a heavy object?

Leading to the top of the bell is a crooked staircase. Through the hole in the top—purposely left to prevent the

bell from bursting when struck too hard or when the strokes followed one another too closely—many people drop cash, for the coins which fall through the opening bring luck to the owner.

The priests forbid one to hear the sound of this bell as they say it has never been rung without an order from the Emperor, who no longer has power to command. The bell is not rung by a tongue as most of our bells, but is struck on the outside by a log of wood swung on chains. History proves that this certainly is no common bell.

Yung Lo, one of the Emperors, during the fifteenth century, commanded it to be made, some say as a present to a famous priest. According to his desire, the bell was to be of such a size that it could be heard for one hundred li, which is thirty miles. To accomplish this, the bell was to be strengthened with brass, deepened with gold, and sweetened with silver. Even though the master-moulder measured and treated the materials skilfully, and even though the bell was cast twice, each time the result was worthless. Yung Lo, the Emperor, grew so angry that he sent word, that, if the bell-smith failed once more to accomplish his desires, his head would be taken. In great despair the bell-smith consulted a soothsayer, who after a long silence answered: "Gold and brass will never meet in wedlock, silver and iron never will embrace until the blood of a virgin be mixed with the metals in their fusion."

When the beautiful daughter of the bell-smith heard this, she determined to





save her father from his fate. To carry this out, on the day of the third casting, she leapt into the hot metal crying: "For thy sake, Oh my Father."

The hot metal absorbed her, and no trace of her remained except one tiny embroidered shoe, which the Amah, or serving woman, had caught in an attempt to save her.

When the casting was finished, the bell was more perfect in form, and more wonderful than any other. Its tones, when sounded, were deeper, finer, and richer

than the sound of any other bell, and it was heard at a distance of twice one hundred li, which is sixty miles. Yet, between each stroke of the beautiful bell, there was a low moaning which ended in a sound of sobbing and complaining as though a weeping woman softly murmured: "Hai, hai." When the Chinese mothers heard this sharp, sweet sound, they said to their children: "Listen, that is the dutiful daughter calling for her shoe. Hai, hai! That is she crying for her shoe."

## THE ART OF DEFINITION

RAYMOND COVENEY

THE hardest thing in the world is definition. It is easy—too easy—to talk in abstract words; so many of us speak largely of truth and justice and morality, and so forth; talk of them glibly and easily. Yet, if a new Socrates were to ask what we meant by them, we should find it very difficult to reply. "What is Truth?" asked Pilate hopelessly; and not even the divine genius of the man he tried could answer him. "What is justice?" asked Socrates in Plato's "Republic." Plato attempts a definition, "Justice is the having and doing what is one's own." Perhaps, but what is "one's own?" That which one produces? Then let us bid the philosopher eat his books. Its equivalent? What then is the equivalent, in money, of a Faust, a Hamlet, a Candide, or a Saint Joan? How shall we estimate the worth of a Mazzini, a Lavoiseur, an Aristotle? What it will sell for? Was it justice then that Nietzsche starved in his life-time, ignored, deserted, and alone, but today is placed among the greatest and certainly among the most searching and healthy, of all the German philosophers? Nietzsche himself defined justice as the will of the stronger—anarchy, but that is obviously not a definition at all, but the absence of one; justice is

obviously part of a system, and anarchy is the absence of system. It would be wisest, then, if philosophers declared simply as the first tenet of their faith, "Only that exists which has meaning; only that has meaning which can be defined; and that which cannot be definable has no meaning, and so does not exist."

So I propose to define, as best I can, the first two terms mentioned above. There are many others that I am obliged to leave for the moment; but these two are the most important. It must be clearly understood, also, that I am not seeking to make definitions to include all the uses made, quite improperly, of these terms by certain writers or in common speech; I am seeking to give definitions for use in philosophy; seeking, in short, to make these terms practical scientific names, to be used in rational thought and lucid exposition.

Let us begin with justice. What is justice? Justice is that condition which, existing between units, such as the individual and the individual, and the individual and the state, is best conducive to the harmony of both and all. To each man, that for which he is best suited, and that which best suits him. There is in all things a kind of Golden Mean; between



revolution and reaction, we have reform; between avarice and wastefulness, economy; between megalomania and sloth, ambition. Everything fits into its place, and there is a place for everything. If everything be in its place, there is harmony, and that harmony is justice. Fundamentally, this definition is Plato's extended; for Plato spoke of his Republic as a just state—and essentially the guiding motive of the Republic was harmony. It is possible, also to reconcile this with Nietzsche's definition. Nietzsche believed in the coming of the superman, who was to arise from this anarchy by trampling upon all systems, owning no laws, save his own will. Such a man was to be completely free—that is, in no way or direction forced or compressed. Thus, within, he would be a completed whole—that is, would be completely harmonious. And, we agree with John Stuart Mills' suggestion, that a collection of perfect individuals is a perfect race, and that a perfect race requires no government, we find the two definitions are really parallel. "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's"—perhaps it cannot be said better than that.

So much for justice. Now, let us embark on a very difficult task indeed—the definition of Truth. It is not sufficient to give synonyms for it; to say that Truth in actuality is merely to beg the question. It may be freely argued that truth does not exist. For every argument, there is an opposite argument; consequently, nothing is true. There is, indeed, that in modern science that tends to this point of view. In the recently developed Quantum Theory concerning the nature of the atom, the existence of an electron is ignored, unless it is interacting with some other body or energy—for instance, with a photon of light. Thus, it is assumed not to exist, that is, in plain language, not to be true, unless it is causing some disturbance; this disturbance constitutes supporting evidence. How-

ever, much evidence is not really definite, for the simple reason that when an electron takes in a photon of energy, it changes to another sphere of influence; it no longer behaves as it did. The laws governing this have been carefully worked out; and Hugenberg has stated the principle that: "A body may have position, and it may have velocity; but it cannot, in any exact sense of the word, have both." Thus, exactness is destroyed; we can only express the velocity accurately by giving up all attempt to determine the position, and vice versa. Moreover, the conduct of electrons seems to be purely haphazard; an electron takes in or gives out energy without system; we cannot say what one electron will do at any given moment. We can, however, state how many out of a large number of electrons will behave in a certain way under certain conditions—that is, we can state the probability that a given electron will behave that way. Thus, instead of truth, modern science merely states the relative chances for or against. This, however, does enable us to give a definition, of a kind, for Truth. If the favourable chances be divided by the unfavourable chances, and the quotient called the factor of probability, truth is attained when the factor of probability reaches infinity. For every argument there is an opposite argument; but the opposite argument may not be as strong. The relative strength of the two enables us to define truth.

This has given us a definition of truth in a scientific sense: but it is apparent that the infinite value of the factor of probability could very seldom be attained; consequently, truth, for all practical purposes, does not exist. So much for the purely physical sense of the word. Now for the philosophical and religious sense.

If we turn to the science of biology, we are enabled to draw from it, the basis for a working definition. Let us consider the question, "What is a frog?" That is



to say, "Why is a certain animal called a frog"; or in the sense we wish, "What is the truth concerning a frog?" Well, we reply, it belongs to the *Chordata*, which is merely a convenient way of saying certain things about it; it is of the *Amphibia* which gives another lump of characteristics; still more characteristics place it with *Rana*; others place it in the required family there; and finally the individual has small characteristics distinguishing it from its immediate race. Thus, we may define Truth as a system of definition. But definition concerns a thing's meaning; and by meaning, we imply its place in the universe. Hence, we may define Truth in its abstract sense, not attached to a frog

or any conception at all, as the meaning of existence.

It is apparent that, as physical science is interested mainly in man's observation, which are, since man is fallable, best expressed by stating the relative chances, truth must have no scientific meaning; the hunt for truth must be carried on by philosophers.

We have, therefore, defined justice and truth. I do not suppose for a moment that we have defined them accurately or even, indeed, near accurately; but I believe that we may at least hope that the lines of thought we have followed point along the right path, and may hope that, if Truth there be, we have at least caught sight of the temple walls.

## THE RETURN TO THE S. C. I.

MILLICENT MCGREGOR

IT IS three in the morning. There is only one light in the large living-room. Even from here I can see the ice-bound river, its surface glowing in the moonlight. In the reflecting rays against the dark western sky, I make out the darker silhouettes of the island cottages. Since coming home, I have sat here by the window, pen in hand, thinking of the past evening.

Helen's answering letter to my invitation is open here before me—a few lines read—"Yes, I will attend the gathering at the old school, Friday, February 21. Although I have only been away a year, it has perhaps given everybody time to forget me."

Forget her! Forget Helen! The words stayed with me all morning. Even when Helen arrived later, it was so hard not to tell the big secret. As usual, she worried about being late, while my big worry was that I would get her to the school too soon. However, I did manage to keep her until eight o'clock.

We entered the gym together, I was so proud. Then the mighty cheer ended by "Yah Helen," and the song "For She's a Jolly Good Fellow" deafened us.

"They mean me?" Helen's eyes asked. I assured her by squeezing her hand more tightly. We were led to the speaker's table. Her place reminded me of a beautiful throne decorated in blue and white.

All my life, I shall live and re-live those following tributes. The freshies, some of whom Helen had trained as "Brownie Pack Leader," the second formers who, during the preceeding year, had worshipped her as their ideal senior, friends in 3rd, 4th and 5th; all had had their chance last night to show Helen what she meant to them.

The toasts were grand and most of them to Helen. Third forms proposed: "Sportsmanship personified"; fifth forms, "The swimming champion of the School, 1934."

Helen's speech was beautiful. Helen, who always used to worry about speak-



ing in public, last night held us spell-bound. There was silence when she ended—it was not a speech to be applauded. I guess most of us were weeping, helplessly, with the very joy of hearing her, of being near—.

I stood back to watch everyone shake hands as they filed past Helen at the door; more intimate friends kissed her. She asked me to leave her alone in the old school after everyone else had gone. It was a silent ride to the train. There

were only a few words and then farewell.

It is almost daylight now, and the ice, very slowly, is beginning to break away and drift down with the current. Patches of blue water show here and there between the snow-laden cakes of ice.

The ice drifts on and on. The students pass on and on. The years go quickly by, but the students shall, many, many times, if only in thought, return to the S. C. I.



### THE ASTERS

The nymphs of the north to our garden last night  
 Came in a silent and hurrying band.  
 Each in a hue from aurora was dressed,  
 And each held a scissors that shone in her hand.  
 The shears were of moonlight, and, gleaming and flashing,  
 I watched them go over the garden with care,  
 While the bright colours danced to the tune of the north wind,  
 Yellow, and violet, and rose soft and rare,  
 Green like the sea swells, and blue like the ice floes,  
 And orange and red as warm as the sun,  
 They leaped and they danced from rose bush to sunflow'r,  
 Each leaf and each petal, and when it was done,  
 Through the gate that was open they danced and they fluttered,  
 With flower spirits gathered, they took their bright load  
 Northward and northward 'till only the colours  
 I saw shining happily down the white road.



I looked out in the morning, and out in the garden  
 I saw the brown petals strewn over the ground,  
 But bravely the asters o'erflowed their bright colours  
 Over the dead summer's burial mound.

JOAN DAVID



THE LOST MELODY

I heard a melody lilting sweet  
 Like the farewell of a swan,  
 Like the song of the lonely thrush  
 When its lovely mate has gone,  
 Like the rustling of the slender reeds  
 Beside a tinkling brook,  
 The chanting of a nightingale  
 To the moon from its leafy nook.

It moaned like the gusty, tossing pines  
 That fringed the silent hills,  
 While out of their haunts of trees and vines  
 The call of the whip-poor-wills  
 Stole softly as the evening shades,  
 Flitted like down away,  
 Dream music echoing over the glades—  
 A phantom melody lost for aye.

J. E. D.



IN MEMORIAM

Loving hands caressed my hair  
 Loving lips breathed a prayer,  
 Loving myths prepared for me,  
 All these are cares that used to be.  
 Then all at once an illness came  
 And took you far away from me.  
 No more to hear the tapping cane  
 No more to hear you call my name.

All the world went black for me  
 And then one day it seemed to be  
 That light returned from out the blue  
 To bring me happy news of you.  
 God has you in his keeping now  
 All happy and free from fevered brow.  
 And so when night comes creeping on  
 In sleep once more I see you come,  
 Gentle and kind as in days long gone.

MARGUERITE PETERSON, 5B



## STOIC

Though I am beaten,  
 Nobody shall know.  
 I'll wear defeat proudly;  
 I shall go  
 About my business  
 As I did before.  
 Only when I have safely  
 Closed the door  
 Against friends and the rest  
 Shall I be free  
 To bow my head,  
 When there is none to see.

Tonight I will shed my tears;  
 Tomorrow when  
 I talk with you,  
 I shall be gay again.  
 Though I am beaten  
 Nobody shall guess,  
 For I will walk  
 As though I knew success.



## ON THE FRONTIER

Along the rim of Somaliland,  
 Like silent shadows drifting,  
 Betwixt the sky and the desert sand,  
 Go the silhouettes of a precious band,  
 The Union Jack uplifting.

Unto the height where daylight grieves  
 Among the ghosts returning,  
 The everlasting banner cleaves.  
 Dim tracks the British footstep leaves  
 Along the desert burning.

Past go the camels' stolid line,  
 The peaceful sky-line breaking.  
 The rifles rise like flaming sign  
 Passing a-down the dim decline,  
 While the warm, dark night is waking.



In peace the English roses dream,  
 Moved by the sea-wind's sighing.  
 Afar—through the night while the pale stars gleam,  
 Silently past, the shadows stream  
 With the British colours flying.

JOAN EIRA DAVID



## THE MYSTERY

Life is a garden, each is a seed  
That pushes upward when his heart  
Speaks of a land where he has part—  
Whether a blossom rare, a cabbage, or a weed.

He wakes and blooms toward the golden sky,  
And fades to what? Who knows? Not I!  
J. E. D.

## A THOUGHT

The pleasure-seeking crowd dashed wildly on  
To find more follies to combat the time,  
The fair-grounds blazed with a raging sun  
And rang with ragged calls of "Just a dime":  
This country is a quiet-needing clime.

\* \* \* \*

There by the shadow of a weather'd wall  
Yet distant from the sheltering shade of trees  
A crippled man uttered a pleading call,  
Raising his head from his deformed knees  
Said slowly, "Will you buy a pencil, please?"

\* \* \* \*

You passed him by and others too cared not  
That he must try to earn a livelihood.  
In passing by did you give a thought  
That money which you spent on trifles could  
Have done a crippled man a little good?

HELEN PELLING

## THE ST. CLAIR IN MARCH

Yesterday, thy surface was a sea of blue.  
One saw the objects on thy bed,  
You, cold—and yet with warm air fed.  
All the while our craft glided through  
Nothing treacherous, all was calm.  
And in the silence of the day  
Many cares were passed away,  
Forgotten in thy magic balm.

To-day, thou art rough and unrestrained,  
Cakes of ice thy surface cover;  
The wind is now thy favourite lover.  
"The sea shall reign" you have maintained.

And on the shore I watch thee pass,  
The ice piled high in heaping mass.

MILLICENT A. MACGREGOR.



## SCHOOL COLOURS

Blue and white are lovely colours,  
White clouds in a summer sky,  
A tree with apple blossoms blooming,  
Bluebirds softly drifting by.  
Willow pattern china glowing  
When the moonbeams drift and glance  
Through the curtains white and frilly,  
Making shadows lift and dance.

White stars shining in blue waters  
Kiss white lilies floating there,  
Blue mists trail through woods in April  
Leaving violets budding fair.  
But the colours hold no dearer  
Mem'ries through the years to shine,  
Than blue and white of banners flying  
In the school—forever mine.

J. E. D.



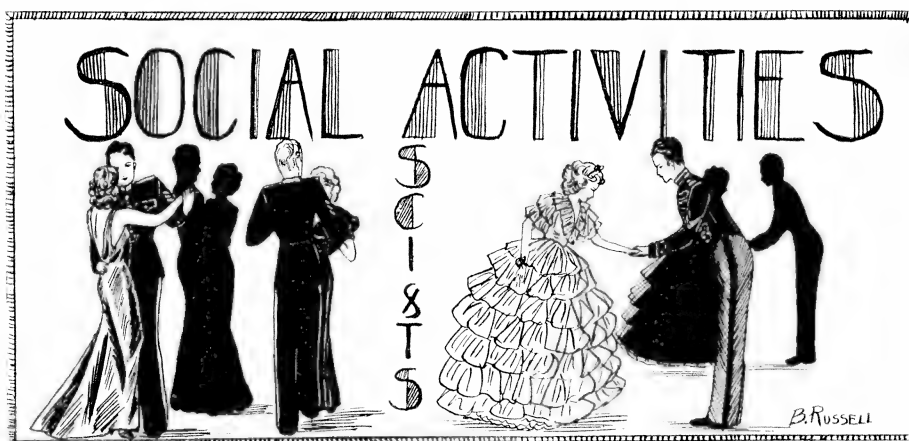
## A PERFECT DAY

Awakened so early by the new morning sun,  
The small flowers open, one by one.  
Their petals they stretch forth far and wide,  
To reveal their glamorous beauty with pride;  
The dew that clings to the cool shading trees,  
Drops to the ground with the sweet morning breeze.  
While Old Mother Nature with her magic wand,  
Casts a touch of gold on the distant pond.  
The birds sing sweetly their songs of love,  
And fly away into the blue sky above;  
But at the end of this joy and play,  
There comes an end to this beautiful day;  
And the birds in the trees seek shelter to rest,  
While the sun sinks slowly away in the west.

ROBERT L. HENDRIE, 2-D.







### CADET DANCE

Following the Cadet Inspection on the afternoon of May 23, 1935, the Cadet Dance was held in the gymnasium in the evening, as in former years. This dance marked the ending of the school social activities of the year.

The dance was well attended and the dark uniforms of the officers contrasted with the gaily-coloured dresses of the ladies. The red-coated band led by Bob

Shannon, provided a delightful programme of dance music.

The patrons and patronesses were Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. White, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Mendizabal, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Asbury and Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Bradley.

The dance ended with the playing of the National Anthem.

### AT HOME

On Dec. 26, 1935 the outstanding event of the school social year—the Annual At Home—took place in the gymnasium. The orchestra played from an alcove cleverly decorated in shades of purple and gold. The decorations were carried out very artistically throughout the rest of the hall in the same shades.

The dance was well attended by both alumni and students. The guests were received by Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Asbury, Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Garvey, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. White, and Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Bradley. An enjoyable programme

of dance music was furnished by Bill Clark and his Collegians. During the evening dainty refreshments were served to the guests. The Grand March was led by Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Asbury. At the conclusion of which colourful favours were handed out by Julia Gort, Lorne Ferguson, Madelene MacNeill, Jack Driscoll, Phylis Chambers, Don Taylor.

Under the leadership of Lorne Ferguson, the committee was composed of Jack Driscoll, decorations; Don Taylor, programme; Sally Lewis, refreshments; June Murray, invitations.



### FRESHETTES RECEPTION

An annual occasion, the Freshettes Reception took place Oct. 23, 1935, from 4 to 6.30. The freshettes were blindfolded and put in charge of a senior who led them through a number of trials, amusing to the seniors, trying to the freshettes.

The seniors then undertook to teach the newcomers the school yells. This was

followed by the playing of games and a contest of human croquet.

Refreshments were served much to the appreciation of the victims, and the evening was concluded by the Grand March, which was played by Mrs. Prout.

The affair was in charge of Miss Ramsden and the Girls' Athletic Association.

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### FRESHMEN'S RECEPTION

The Freshmen's Reception was held Tuesday, Oct. 22, 1935 at 6.30. The Freshmen were blindfolded and then led by the Seniors through a series of incidents to remind them of their humble position, much to the amusement of the onlookers. Mr. Ritchie and Mr. Watson, newcomers to our teaching staff, were made for their part in the initiation ceremonies to stage a pillow fight, blindfolded. After this there was a serious note to the entertainment with the fresh-

men taking the oath.

Next it was the freshmen's turn to be amused. The seniors staged a fake wrestling match and then there were some hilarious moments when a boxing match between blindfolded boxers took place.

At the conclusion of the programme refreshments were served and the freshmen were taught the school yells.

The evening was in charge of the Boys' Athletic Association.

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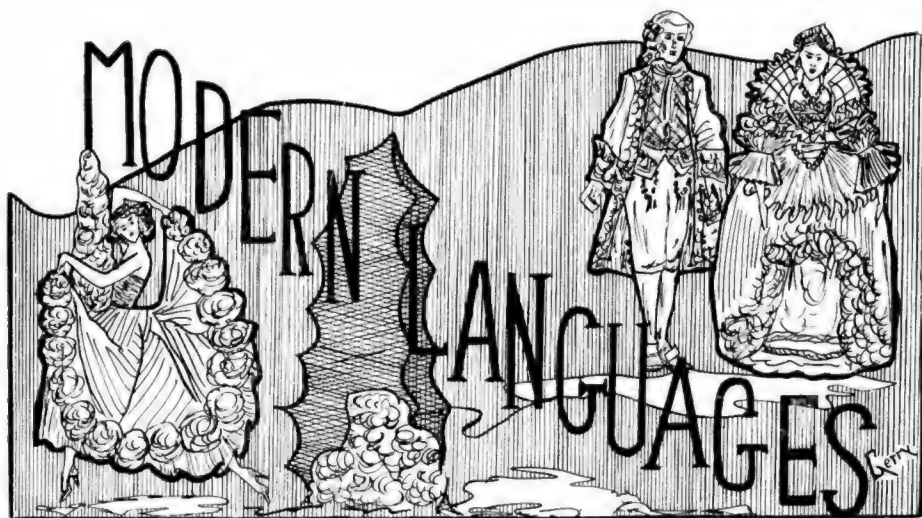
### BASKETBALL DANCE

On the evening of Friday, March 23, the Boys' Athletic Association were hosts to the visiting teams who were taking part in the W.O.S.S.A. Basketball Tournament, held at the S. C. I. & T. S. The entertainment took the form of a delightful informal dance in the girls' gym-

nasium.

The boys and girls of the school who attended the affair, co-operated with the Boys' Athletic Association to give the visitors an enjoyable evening. Bob Shannon and his Orchestra provided agreeable music for the evening.





## LA DAME INQUIETE

J. MACMILLAN, 2-B

UNE vieille dame s'inquiétait de sa santé. Chàque petite chose la dérangeait et elle faisait venir le médecin. Ce monsieur était très habile et avait une grande clientèle. Il était fâché parce qu'elle le faisait venir trop pour rien du tout. Il se décida à l'enseigner une leçon. Un jour la dame observa une tache rouge sur la main et ensuite elle

envoya chercher le médecin. Il vint examina sa main et dit:

"C'est bien que vous m'avez fait venir aujourd'hui."

Ceci effraya la dame et elle demanda: "Est-ce dangereux?"

"Pas du tout," était la réponse, "mais demain vous n'auriez plus vu l'endroit et j'aurais perdu mon honoraire."



## LE BON DIEU

M. M. K., 5-B

C'EST un soir d'été. La dame qui entre dans le salle met ses gants en hâte. Soudain elle voit, son mari, le visage usé par les soucis debout près de la porte.

"Ah, Henri, vous voici enfin! Non, me m'interrompez pas maintenant! Je suis pressée parce que je ne dois pas être en retard pour la musicale chez Marie."

"Mais Eloise, les enfants et moi . . .?" commence son pauvre mari.

"Les enfants . . . c'est tout ce que vous pensez! Jamais à moi ou à ma carrière!

Quant à vous—vous êtes au bureau tout le jour et vous voulez que je reste dans la maison toute la soirée avec vous. Je ne le ferai pas! J'espère que je ne vous reverrai jamais—vous et les enfants!

"Eloise . . . !" halète l'homme choqué par ces mots.

\* \* \* \*

Quelques heures plus tard le téléphone sonne.

"Hallo," dit Henri d'un air endormi.

"Monsieur Henri Pension?"

"Oui."



"C'est l'hôpital Saint-Joseph" dit une voix douce, "Votre épouse a été dans un accident d'automobile. Pouvez-vous venir ici tout de suite?"

Mais Henri se précipite hors de la porte.

\* \* \* \*

La forme sur la couchette s'agite.

"Henri . . . Henri . . . où es-tu?" demande-t-elle.

"Je suis ici ma chérie."

"Ils . . . vous l'ont-ils dit?"

"Oui."

"Maintenant, je ne les reverrai jamais—Suzanne et Jean—mes petits enfants! et vous—mon pauvre cher! Je suis aveugle! Le bon Dieu m'a punie mais il a ouvert mes yeux à quelque chose de plus important qu'une carrière—c'est l'amour. Oui—mon cher Henri—le Dieu est bon!"



### UNE HEUREUSE INNOVATION

MARIE HARGROVE, 5B

CETTE année, pour la première fois le bureau d'instruction présente une nouvelle idée dans le cours d'enseignement des langues modernes d'écoles secondaires. Depuis longtemps on pense qu'une étude plus pratique de français serait plus avantageux. A ce but on demande plus de traductions à première vue pour les examens, et on donne un cours de lecture supplémentaire qui consiste de trois séries de livres qui varient de selections passablement faciles aux selections plus difficiles.

Ces livres sont choisis pour attirer l'intérêt des écoliers et sont écrits à la mode moderne sur les sujets tels que des mys-

tères, des histoires des détectives et des histoires d'aventure. L'objet en vue est à aggrandir le vocabulaire de l'étudiant des mots en usage tous les jours. ,

Pour aider l'étudiant en apprenant ces livres il y a des questions en anglais à la fin du livre basés sur chaque chapitre. Les livres suivants ont été lus par les classes en français. "Ma Princesse Chérie", "La Carafe d' Eau," "Les Pas sur la Neige," "La Mission de Slim Kerrigan" et "Les Chasseurs de Papillons." Les classes en allemand ont lu: "Der Doppelgänger" et "Die Fremdenlegionäre."



### EIN ANGENEHMER KAFFEE

GORDON BOODY, 5-B

AM Montag den 20 Januar genossen die Mitglieder von der deutschen Klasse des fünften Jahres einen typischen deutschen Kaffee den von Fraülein Taylor gegeben wurde. Um vier Uhr versammelten wir im Gesellschaftszimmer am dritten Stockwerke wo die Stunden in der häuslichen Wissenschaft stattfinden. Ein fröhliches Feuer auf dem Herde grüsste uns als wir uns um den Tisch setzten. Während des Nachmittags machten wir viele Versuche Deutsch zu sprechen aber die meisten von uns brauchten beide Englisch und ein wenig Deutsch

um verstanden zu werden. Fur Erfrischung hatten wir Kaffee und Kaffeeuchen die von Fräulein Halliday so gütig bereitet wurde. Was uns am besten gefiel war der schöne Kaffeeuchen der am Wunsche von Fräulein Taylor bereitet wurde. Indem wir assen, schauten wir mehrere kleine Photographien und Postkarten von Deutschland an und ehe wir abfuhrten, sangen wir mehrere deutsche Lieder, die wir während des Jahres gelernt hatten. Die Mädchen waren so gütig und wuschen die Schusseln.



## EIN SOMMERS HAUSCHEN

DONNA CLEMENTS IV-A

WENN Sie nicht wissen, wo Sie friedliche Ferien verbringen können, wenn Sie Ihre eigene Gesellschaft und jene von guten Freunden jener von der Gruppe Leute in Sommerhotels vorziehen, wenn Sie eine Hütte bauen möchten, zu der Sie um irgend eine Zeit gehen dürfen, kommen Sie mit mir weit über den westen Provinzen, über den westen Provinzen, über das Felsige Gebirge in das Herz von den "Cascades," und lassen Sie sich an die Küste von dem schönen See Kootenay hinabfallen.

Auf einer gewissen kleinen Spitze Landes, die sich ein wenig ins klare, blaue Wasser des Sees schiebt, und die die kleine Bai am Osten davon schützt, werden wie Ihre Hütte bauen. Sie werden sich dort sehr sicher fühlen, denn die leise aus dem gegenüberstehenden Ufer Berge und jene, die hinten in die Höhe schweben und den See umringen, müssen alle böse Geister abwehren. Hohe, königliche Fichten werden die Hüter vor Ihrer

Tür sein.

Sie werden früh im Morgen aufstehen, um den Sonnenaufgang zu sehen, der Sie aus den Sorgen der Welt aufnehmen wird; und die untergehende Sonne, die den Bergen die sanften rosenfarbenen Anstriche geben wird, wird alle Plagen fortjagen und Sie mit einer besonderen Friede füllen.

Aber, die Hütte, sagen Sie? Die bedeutendste Sache wird ihre schöne Einfachheit sein. In einer Stelle, wo die Stechpalme wild wächst, wo die süsse Duft von wilden Rosen und wilden Flie-derbäumen die Luft wohlriechend, machen, würde ein kostbares Haus ein Eindringling sein. Nur eine Bedingung machen wir: da müssen Sie einen grossen, offenen Herd haben, um an kühlen Abenden bequem zu sitzen, auch zwei, oder drei grosse Sessel und eine kleine Ihre liebsten Bücher enthaltende Bibliothek.

Kommen Sie denn mit mir! Ihr Häuschen wird Ihnen gefallen.

## DAS ALTMODISCHE BILD

BLANCHE GIBB

ES war nur ein altmodisches an der Wand hangendes Bild. In meinem Lehnstuhl sass ich, indem ich darauf anschaute. Ich konnte meine Augen nicht davon nehmen. Jeder tanzende Lichtstrahl rührte den glatten Holzrahmen und weilte zartlich.

Von dem Gesichtspunkt eines Kunst-richter, gab es nichts Ausstehendes über den einzigen Gegenstand im Bilde—ein Blumenkorb.

Indem ich nachdenklich auf das Gemälde sah, schien es mir, als ob die Blumen, eine nach der anderen, niedlich aus dem Korb traten, in den altmodischen Garten, woraus sie kamen.

Vor meinen Augen nahmen die prächtigen blauen Rittersporn Platz gegen die

weisse Pfähle und ihnen zu Füßen, kühle, grüne und weisse Maiblume schmiegte sich liebend. Die königlichen Lilien glitten zu ihrer Ecke; die Marienblümchen folgten demütig. Nelke und Dahlien gingen langsam Hand in Hand. Die errötenden, glühenden Akelei und Ringelblumen begrüßten sich, während sie zu ihren Plätzen eilten. Der rote Mohn glänzte in prächtiger Farbe gegen einen Hintergrund von purpurischen Asten.

Bald befand sich der Korb leer und ganz verloren. Aber schauen Sie doch auf den Garten! Wie froh und glücklich war es jetzt! Die schneeweissen Federn der Spiräe flatterten im sanften Winde. Es blühte und duftete überall.



Der ganze Garten war eine Kugel von Lieblichkeit bis zum Rande voll geschmückt.

Allmählich stahl eine Ruhe über den stillen Garten. Ein abwechselnder Wind rührte die Fingerhüte. Ich hörte einen

klingelnden Laut. Wo war der Garten gegangen? Was war daraus geworden? Dann, als ich mich erinnerte, wendete ich mir, zu der Sie um irgend eine Zeit gehen von der jetzt sterbenden Sonne.



### Stille der Nacht

Willkommen klare Sommernacht  
Die auf betauten Fluren liegt  
Gegrusst mir, goldne Sternenpracht  
Die spielend sich im Weltraum wiegt!

Das Urgebirge um mich her  
Ist schweigend, wie mein Nachtgebet:  
Weit hinter ihm hor' ich das Meer  
Im Geist und wie die Brandung geht.

Ich höre einen Flötenton  
Den mir die Luft von Westen bringt,  
Indes herauf in Osten schon  
Des Tages leise Ahnung dringt.

Ich sinne, wo in weiter Welt  
Jetzt sterben mag ein Menschenkind.  
Und ob vielleicht den Einzug hält  
Das vielersehnte Heldenkind.

Doch wie im dunklen Erdental  
Ein unergründlich Schweigen ruht,  
Ich fühle mich so leicht zumal  
Und wie die Welt so still and gut.

Der letzte leise Schmerz und Spott  
Verschwindet aus des Herzens Grund:  
Es ist als täte der alte Gott  
Mir endlich seinen Namen kund.

—Keller.

### Stillness of Night

Welcome thou clear summer night  
Which on the dewy meadow lies!  
I greet thee, stars with gold made bright  
Which, playing, flicker in the skies.

These ancient hills surrounding me  
Are silent like my evening prayer;  
I feel that back of them, the sea  
Is moving with a ghostly air.

From the west, winds bring the sound  
Of music piped so merrily,  
While in the east and all around  
Foreboding day breaks silently.

I wonder if in all the earth  
Someone is dying, or the day  
Is heralding the promised birth  
Of some loved child from far away.

And yet as in a dark earth vale  
Silences deep and peaceful, rest,  
I seem so free, my cares so frail  
And like the world, with peace I'm blest.

Now sorrow and each jesting thought  
Has vanished from my inmost soul:  
As if eternal God had brought  
His name that I might it extoll.

—Helen Pelling.



In the hope of stimulating interest in the Spanish language the following short essays are printed. They are of average first year difficulty and can be read easily by any student of French and Latin. At present, no regular classes in Spanish are taught in the school, but a few upper school students have studied the language. It is our hope that, by reading these short accounts, the interest of some student may be sufficiently aroused for him to take up seriously the study of Spanish. If this be accomplished, the effort spent on these essays will be amply repaid.



### EL ZORRO EN LA CISTERNA

FRED WALTER, 5-A

"Ayudeme Vd! Ayudeme Vd!" dijo un zorro que se habia caido en una cisterna.

Un lobo corrio al borde de la cisterna y vio el zorro luchando mucho para mantener la cabeza sobre el agua.

"Mi pobre querido amigo," dijo el lobo, "esta verdaderamente en gran peligro de perderse la vida. Creame, lo si-

ento mucho. Cuanto tiempo, ha estado Vd. alli abajo?"

El zorro respondio, "Si desea ayudarme, no pierda Vd. el tiempo en hablar, obtenga Vd. una cuerda y saqueme. No puedo luchar mas me ahogare!"

El lobo suspiro de una manera triste y simpatica se marchó, y el zorro se hundio en el agua y se ahogo.



### FLORIDA

ISABEL ALLINGHAM

Florida! tierra de playas festivas y palmas ondeados—donde es siempre una memoria el invierno.

Se pasaban muchos anos mientras que buscaban a la Fontana de Juventud, cuando se descubrio de Ponce de Leon, explorador espanol, en el ano 1513, y estaba llamado Florida, significando "lleno de flores." Un nombre mas apropiado no puede haber sido dando a eso pais, porque es, verdaderamente, un paraíso floral.

Como el estado estaba, una vez, cubierto del mar y es muy bajo todavia, hay cientos de lagos dentro de sus confines, muchos de los cuales son circuidos de parques hermosos, que son llenado de flores coloradores variosamente. Hay vidas de llama, rosas, capucinas, trinitarios, antirrinós, guisantes de olor, y muchos otros.

La fragancia mas captivando de todo los flores del sur es ese de los botones de

las naranjas. Al pasearse en automovil por algun camino en la partida central del estado durante la mes de febrero y inhalar su aroma exotico es una sensacion maravillosa.

Las noches de este pais son muy encantando. Las palmas ondeandos mansamente, siluetadas claramente en la luz de la luna, unido con los acordes de musica flotando a traves del agua, con la brisa perfumada de jasmín, haria que un joveu practico se olvidara.

Hay muchos lugares interesantes a viajeros de gustos diversos. Gustaria al historiador a visitar St. Augustine, la ciudad mas viejo de los Estados Unidos, la cual traza su origen trasero a 1513 por Don Pedro Menendez. Las calles estrechas, la arquitectura esponola, la Plaza de la Constitucion antigua, y las marcas levantan lado por lado con distritos modernos y deleitosos. Las puertas desmigajandas



de la ciudad, la catedral vieja, y, por supuesto, la Fontana de Juventud son de interes vivo. Castillo San Marco, encima de Bahia de Mantanzas hachuido las banderas de cinco naciones pero no ha caido nunca delante de fuerzas resistiendo.

Lo mas bello acerca de este tierra, como es por todas partes, es la hermosura inafectada que se encuentra en partes de los bosques. Los manatiales y riacnuelos que estan alejados de verdura densa, son vistas de serena belleza excelente en el sur.



### EL DESCUBRIMIENTO DE LA AMERICA

En el puerto de Pados, al sudeste de Espana, la manana de agosto trece, 1492, se pudo ver tres barcos, preparado por an viaje.

Un buque pequeno se acerco al barco el mas grande, la Santa Maria, y un hombre subio para las cadenas del ancoro a la cubierta. Aquel hombre fue Cristobol Colon, un pobre navegante de Genova, capitan de la Santa Maria y comandante por el viaje.

Un mando ligero, un rechino de cadenas, se levanta el ancoro, se ponen las velas, vuelven los barcos con el viento, mueven del perto, y empiezan el largo viaje que no termino sino America.

Despues de pocos dias, llegaron a las Canarias, y entonces repartieron en su viaje. Pronto despues de su partida, Co-

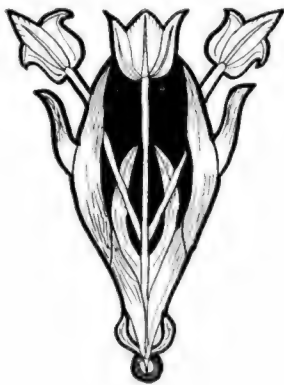
lon encontro dificultades con su banda, que comprendio criminales, ladrones y asesinos de los carceles de Espana, los solos que se atrevieron acompañar Colon en su prueba a hallar una neuva via a la Asia.

Pero estas dificultades no pararon a Colon, y continuo en sus tres barcos chicos a traves del Atlantico.

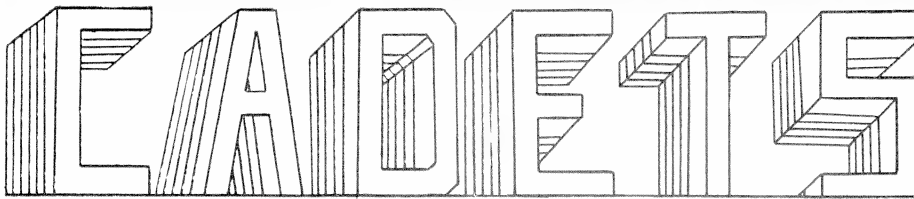
El doce de octubre percibio la tierra. Era la isla de Guanahani, O San Salvador, una de las Lucayas. Colon desembarco, y reclamo la tierre por Espana, en los nombres de Fernando el Bueno e Ysabella la Catolica.

Visito tambien a Cuba y a Haiti, que llamo Hispaniola, y regreso despues a Espana el marzo, 1493.

America fue descubierta!







## CADET INSPECTION 1935

Last year the annual Cadet Inspection took place on the 23rd of May. In spite of the low temperature there was a full turnout of six platoons, presenting a very neat appearance. The Officers, N.C.O.'s, and No. 1 Platoon were in full blue uniforms while the remainder were in white shirts and blue trousers.

The Cadets were inspected by Major J. Jeffrey, the District Cadet Officer. After the "fall in" at 1.45 o'clock the Ceremonial Inspection in Open Order took place, followed by the March Past in Column of Platoons, and Column of Route. Then each Company Platoon, Signalling Section, and First Aid Group was drilled separately. Contrary to custom the Route March down town was not held, following the suggestion made by the Inspection Officer the previous year.

On the conclusion of the routine drills a Physical Training demonstration was given by the Corps under the supervision of Mr. F. E. O'Donohue. The Cadets performed the various movements very efficiently and with excellent co-ordination.

While the Platoons were taking a Square formation, the Gym Team gave an exhibition on the mats. D. C. R. A.

Marksmanship Medals were then presented by Rev. E. W. McKegney to R. Mendizabal, J. Smith, L. Thomas, R. Dailey, W. Lester, E. Powell, W. Sloan, H. Crabb, F. Stuchberry, B. Harkins, J. MacKenzie, W. Humphrey, F. Marsden, B. Nelson, G. Link, D. LeSueur, and O. Yorke. Mr. N. L. LeSueur, K.C., presented Doug Simpson with a gold medal for the highest attainments in gymnastics during the year.

As a result of its work the Cadet Corps tied for second place in general efficiency standing in the District. Sarnia also won second place in Physical Training. No. 1 Platoon under Lieut. A. McWatters and Sergt. C. Cote won the prize for the best platoon. The Signal Corps placed first in the District and won the A. W. Moyer Trophy.

## OFFICERS AND N.C.O.'s

Btn. O. C. Cadet Major—W. Hutchinson.

Adjutant Cadet Capt.—J. Clunie.

Quartermaster Cadet Lieut.—D. Simpson.

Non-Commissioned Officers: R. S. M.—R. Mendizabal.



## RIFLE TEAM

Back Row: Glaab, Dallier, Schaeffer, Davison, Thomas.  
 Second Row: Hallam, Kent, Stirrett, Sleeth, Kember, Link, Marsden.  
 Front Row: Nelson, Lester, Ross, Mr. Mendizabal, Mr. O'Donohue, Dailey, Mendizabal, Mott.  
 Sitting: Stokes, Humphreys.

## A COMPANY

Cadet Capt.—R. Anderson.  
 Cadet Lieut.—A. McWatters.  
 Cadet Lieut.—G. Thompson.  
 Cadet Lieut.—N. Darrach.  
 C. S. M.—L. Galloway.  
 Sergt.—C. Cote.  
 Sergt.—J. Thain. Sergt.—L. Williams.

## B COMPANY

Cadet Capt.—G. Gough.  
 Cadet Lieut.—W. Lester.

Cadet Lieut.—K. Dagg.  
 Cadet Lieut.—V. Boyington.  
 C. S. M.—J. Hollinger.  
 Sergt.—F. Stuchberry.  
 Sergt.—L. Craig.  
 Sergt.—H. Callister.

## BAND

Cadet Lieut.—E. Murray.  
 Cadet Sergt.—J. Greason.  
 G. H. Q.  
 Orderly Sergt.—E. Powell.

## SHOOTING

The Rifle Teams were very successful this year especially in the Dominion of Canada Rifle Association Competition. Both the Senior and Junior teams won special certificates as a result of having made averages of over 90' for the Seniors and over 85' for the Juniors. Members of the teams who made scores over their averages received Second Class D.C.R.A. Medals. R. Mendizabal won

the Special Gold Medal for the Highest Aggregate. The Strathcona Silver Medal for the best shot in the school was won this year by D. Simpson.

At the annual competition on the Connaught Ranges at Ottawa, Sarnia Collegiate Institute won the inter-corps team match with 360 points, three ahead of Oakwood Collegiate, Toronto. Members of the team and their scores were:



Lieut. D. Simpson, 96; Corp. L. Thomas, 90; Corp. R. D. Dailey, 88; and Sergt. R. Mendizabal, 86. Lieut. D. Simpson was especially successful, winning the Lord Wakefield Trophy with the highest aggregate score for cadets, at the meet.

The following Dominion Marksman rings and pins were awarded: Gold Rings—R. Dailey, R. Mendizabal, D. Simpson, L. Thomas. Gold Pins—H. Glaab, W. Humphrey, W. Lester, G. Link, F. Mars-

den, B. Nelson, E. Powell L. Thomas.

Silver Pins—G. Adams, T. Davidson, W. Humphrey, H. Glaab, W. Lester, F. Marsden, J. Mackenzie, B. Nelson, W. Perry, E. Powell, L. Thomas, C. Yorke.

Bronze Pins—G. Adams, A. Dallier, H. Glaab, G. Iingersoll, J. Kirk, E. Kent, W. Lester, K. Langan, F. Marsden, J. MacKenzie, B. Nelson, E. Powell, T. Ross, L. Thomas, J. Thain.



#### FIRST AID TEAM

Back Row: B. Harris, R. Gates.

Front Row: H. Glaab, E. Kearney, R. Mendizabal.

#### FIRST AID

Each year a class is conducted after regular hours, in which all who attend receive instruction in the methods employed in rendering first aid. Mr. Louis Crockett again very courteously gave his services as instructor.

The Senior team consisting of R. Gates, H. Griffith, V. Harris, E. Kearney, and R. Mendizabal, placed second in the District. The Junior team placed third in the District. The members were L. Aiken, J. Chapman, R. Lyford, and F. Simpson.



### INTERFORM COMPETITIONS

THE GIRLS of the school are very fortunate in the variety and number of interesting sports offered for their enjoyment. To the old favorites of Basketball, Volleyball and Track and Field have been added in the last couple of years, Soccer, Badminton, and Baseball. The tournaments are arranged so that any girl who is at all interested may play on a team and take part in a tournament. Usually each form enters a team for each tournament, however if a form has too few girls for a team two forms enter a team together.

To the winners of each of these tournament groups a pennant is presented which is hung up in the winning form's home room.

The school is divided into three groups, Senior-third and higher years, Intermediate-second year, Junior-first year. For each of these groups a round robin tournament is arranged. The girls act as captains of the teams, manage the games and look after all the special duties. For the interest and information of the reader, the results of the interform competitions will be given below, consisting of the number of teams, players in the activity and the winning teams and their captains in each tournament.

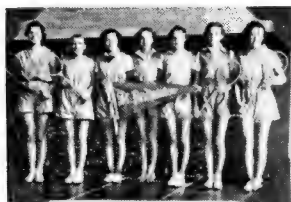
TRACK AND FIELD begins the school year in girls' sports. This tournament is held on Field Day with interform contests in the morning and individual competition in the afternoon. For the morning events which include high jump, broad jump, basketball and baseball throwing for distance and accuracy, and relay races, each form may enter a team of at least ten girls in each event. The afternoon competition is the usual individual type; its program is much the same as that of the morning.

#### 25 Teams

#### 320 Players

- |                            |                                     |                          |
|----------------------------|-------------------------------------|--------------------------|
| Sr. 1. Coll. 5—M. Hargrove | Int. 1. Coll. 2C, R. Stewardson Jr. | 1. Tech. 1B, P. Campbell |
| 2. Coll. 3A—W. Durnford    | 2. Coll. 2B, M. Jones               | 2. Coll. 1C, M. Simmons  |
| 3. Coll. 4—M. Nickell      | 3. Coll. 2D, M. VanHorne            | 3. Com. 1A, D. Kirby     |

THE BASEBALL TOURNAMENT turned out very successfully although this is the first year for a long time that one has been held. The games were played outside on the numerous diamonds provided. The keen competition between fifth and 3A resulted in a tie. In the playoff 5th won by the narrow margin of one point.



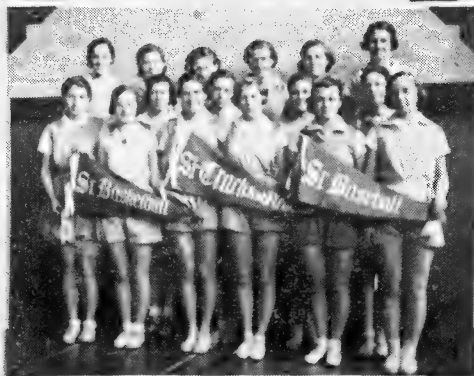
COLL 4

WINNERS  
1935 - 36  
SENIOR

COLL 3 A



INTERMEDIATE



COLL 5

COMpetition



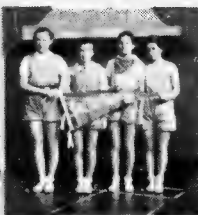
COLL 2 C

INTERMEDIATE

COLL 2 C



COLL 2 D



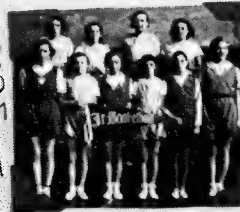
COLL 2 D



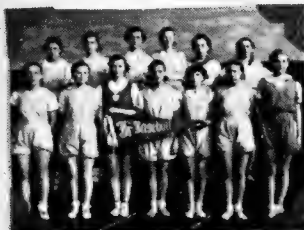
COLL 1 E

JUNIOR

COLL 1 A

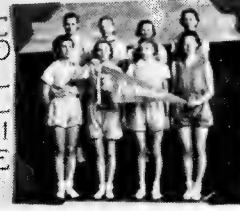


COLL 1 B



COLL 1 A

COLL 1 E





## 25 Teams

- Sr. 1. Coll. 5, H. Cares  
 2. Com. 3, B. Maidment  
 Coll. 3C, E. Kee  
 3. Coll. 3A, J. Stedwill

- Int. 1. Com. 1C, L. Higgins  
 2. Com. 2A, M. Shortt  
 3. Coll. 2B, N. McNamara

## 275 Players

- Jr. 1. Com. 1A, M. Murray  
 2. Tech. 1B, E. Forbes  
 3. Coll. 1E, H. Mitchell

SOCCER, although a comparatively new game in girls' sports of the school, has become a favourite with those who like outdoor games. Due to bad weather the Soccer tournament was not completed last fall. We hope to finish it up this spring.

BADMINTON has been played by some of the girls for several years. This year, however, is the first, a tournament has been carried out. It is hoped that even more girls will become interested next year as Badminton is a game which one can more easily continue after one has left school.

## 23 Teams

- Sr. 1. Coll. 4, D. Brittain  
 2. Coll. 3C, V. Roberts  
 3. Com. 3, D. Schultz

- Int. 1. Coll. 2D, T. Ross  
 2. Com. 2A, D. Sleeth  
 3. Coll. 2A, L. Bell

## 154 Players

- Jr. 1. Coll. 1E, E. Marsh  
 2. Com. 1A, H. Garnham  
 3. Coll. 1C, R. Tyne

The BASKETBALL Tournament was carried out after Christmas. This game is by far the most popular played by the girls. Almost every form in the school enters a team for the tournament and the games are keenly played and followed.

## 27 Teams

- Sr. 1. Coll. 5, H. Reeves  
 2. Coll. 3A, E. Ward  
 3. Com. 3, D. Phillips

- Int. 1. Coll. 2D, T. Ross, A. Holmes  
 2. Coll. 2B, I. Sproule  
 3. Coll. 2A, A. Paton

## 235 Players

- Jr. 1. Com. 1A, J. Blondin  
 2. Tech. 1A, J. Sing  
 3. Com. 1B, D. MacDonald

The VOLLEY BALL tournament winds up the winter term in girls' sports. Volleyball is second only to Basketball in popularity. It also has the advantage of requiring more players on a team thus drawing more girls into the game.

## 21 Teams

- Sr. 1. Coll. 3A, E. Southcombe  
 2. Coll. 3B, B. Stoner  
 3. Coll. 5, A. Mart

- Int. 1. Coll. 2C, D. Kilbreath  
 2. Coll. 2D, H. Heller I. Deem  
 3. Coll. 2B, E. Lyford

## 215 Players

- Jr. 1. Coll. 1E, F. Campbell  
 2. Coll. 1B, V. Camper  
 3. Tech. 1B, A. Bellingham

A DANCING competition is being held this year in addition to the other tournaments. Each form will enter a team which will be judged by a committee of the dancing curators.

THE Girls' Sports of the S. C. I. & T. S. are conducted by the G. A. A. Every girl in the school may be a member and share in the activities planned. The association functions through its executive comprised of the usual officers plus the "curators" for each activity. These curators are the convenors of committees composed of the captains chosen from each form, to take charge of the various games. The executive makes the plans for the general work of the year while the committee for each sport does the special planning.

This year the executive has been amply repaid for its efforts by the increasing interest in all activities planned.

## GIRLS' ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE

- Honorary Presidents—Miss Ramsden and Mr. Arbury  
 President—Doris Brown Vice-President—Winnifred Durnford  
 Secretary—Donna Clements Treasurer—Merle Armstrong

## CURATORS

- Track and Field—Mildred Jones Badminton—Flora MacDonald Volleyball—Agnes Mart  
 Soccer—Kathryn Hayes Baseball—Helen Cares Basketball—Elaine Ward  
 Swimming—Miriam Kember Dancing—Isabel Mendizabal



## ALL YEAR ROUND PROGRAM

In order to encourage all-round proficiency and continued activity in P. T. through the year, the G. A. A. uses a point system. Points are awarded for class work and for participation in the extra curricular P. T. activities. Special bonuses are given members of winning teams, successful candidates in Life Saving examinations, captains and officials for games and members of the executive of the A. A.

The girl who makes the highest score on her year's work is declared "All Round Champion" for that year and is awarded a first "S" by the school.



Margaret Eacrett

In 1934-1935, Margaret Eacrett and Emma Hargrove did especially good work and finished the year with an equal number of points. Each was awarded the first "S." For high standing in the year round program the G. A. A. gives crests each year. In June, the year's winners of crests and any winners from previous years have a hike and weiner roast at the lake.



Emma Hargrove



1934-1935 Winners of G. A. A. Crests

Merle Armstrong, Doris Brown, Beatrice Dennis, Winnifred Durnford, Margaret Eacrett, Nola Fraser, Emma Hargrove, Edith Hughes, Margaret James, Edna Kee, Nora MacNamara, Marion McKinlay, Blanche Maidment, Inez Moorehouse, Kay Nickell, Pauline Palmer, Ina Rosebrough, Thelma Ross, Ilene Sproule, Ruby Stewardson, Jean Stedwill, Jessie Walker, Elaine Ward, Geraldine Whitcombe.

Based on the above Program, a pennant is awarded the form scoring the highest average in the point system. Although they won no first places in the tournaments, last year the girls of Coll. 1C were awarded this All Round Championship pennant due to their consistent interest. They are to be congratulated on their good sportsmanship.





## GIRLS' ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE

Back Row: I. Mendizabal, M. Jones, H. Cares, Mr. Asbury, Miss Ramsden, A. Mart, K. Hayes.  
 Front Row: D. Clements, F. MacDonald, M. Kember, D. Brown (Pres.), W. Durnford, M. Armstrong.

## SWIMMING



Marie Hargrove

Again the pool has been opened, and the girls have shown their appreciation of the Board of Education's generosity by taking up their work with great enthusiasm. The Swimming Club, consisting of those who have passed all the preliminary tests required before they may use the whole pool and diving board, is allowed to remain for a few minutes after the non-members, in order to take more advanced work in diving and life-saving. A group of tests for the Swimming Club has been arranged, difficult enough to warrant the awarding of a second "S" for completing them. They include: assisting with instruction, Life-saving examinations, up to Silver and First-Class Instructor's certificates, perfection of form in swimming strokes and diving, and attainment of standard in speed and distance swimming. Margaret Eacrett, Emma Hargrove and Marie Hargrove have passed their Swimming Club tests, winning their second "S."





## FIELD DAY CHAMPIONS

Back Row: J. Kirk, D. Huggins, R. Pole.  
 Front Row: W. Elnor, J. Jacques, I. Moorehouse, P. Campbell.

## LIFE SAVING

The standing of the Sarnia Collegiate in the Life-Saving work in the province is one place higher in 1935 than it was in 1934. The S. C. I. was eighteenth among the swimming groups in Ontario, associated with the Royal Life Saving Society. This standing is based on the number of successful candidates.

Last June and December a number of girls passed the examination of the R.L.S.S. The excellent work of the girls who passed their Instructor's examinations is worthy of special mention.

The following are the Life-Saving awards:

1st Class Instructor's Certificate—Margaret Eacrett, Emma Hargrove, Gladys Giffin, Marie Hargrove.

Award of Merit—Margaret Eacrett, Emma Hargrove, Gladys Giffin, Marie Hargrove.

Bronze Medallion, Intermediate and Elementary Certificate—Geraldine Whitcombe, Pauline Palmer, Dorothy Brown, Edith Hughes, Merle Armstrong, Jane Cowan, Helen Louise McDonald, Edna Kee, Doris Brown, Kay Knowles.

Bronze Medallion and Intermediate Certificate—Addie Walker, Margaret Ritchie, Frieda Albert, Nellie Julien, Frances Northrup.

Bronze Medallion—Audrey Macmillan, Mary Doherty.

Elementary Certificate—Margaret Wanless, Eloise Johnston, Isabel Mendizabal, Elaine Ward, Jean Stedwill, Winnie Durnford, Jean Woodrowe.



### GYMNASTICS

During 1934 and 1935 the Gym Team was successful in retaining all trophies previously won. This was the fifth year of competition for Gym Teams from Sarnia and the fourteenth consecutive competition. The annual W.O.S.S.A. Competition was held in the Patterson Collegiate at Windsor, on Saturday, April 6th, 1935. Sarnia won easily with 5177 out of a possible 6000 points. The Patterson Collegiate team placed second with 4783 points. Douglas Simpson won the W.O.S.S.A. Cup for the Individual All-Round Champion, outpointing F. Mroczkowski of Windsor by four points, although the Windsor gymnast had previously been declared the winner through an error in totalling the scores. This error was later rectified. The other members of the Sarnia team were: W. Lester, R. Kent, R. Mendizabal, J. Thain, W. Humphreys.

At the Ontario Inter-Scholastic Competition at Hart House on April 25th the Sarnia team again won first place for the third consecutive year with 1030 points, competing against eight other teams. Glebe Collegiate, Ottawa, placed second with 995 points. The team was composed

of Doug. Simpson, Jack Thain, Bill Lester and Rodolfo Mendizabal. Members of the team placed second and third in the All-Round Aggregate, also winning the Side Horse Championship.

No competition was held for the Dominion Championship last summer, and Sarnia retains the title which she has won for the last four consecutive years at the Canadian National Exhibition.

As the sixth year of active participation in gymnastics approaches, it would not be out of place to give a short resume of past performances. In 1931, the first year of competition, the team was composed of D. McGregor, L. Smith, T. Mathers, L. McKenzie, and J. Hare; this team placed third in the Ontario competition held at Hart House. Since then, the Sarnia team has entered and won first place in thirteen gymnastic competitions. These include four W.O.S.S.A., five Ontario, and four Dominion Championships. In the Dominion Senior Open Competitions Sarnia has placed Second as a team; but first place in Senior Tumbling was taken by Lyle Smith and in Senior Side Horse by L. McKenzie.



During the past year the LeSueur Gold Medal for the Senior Gymnastic Champion of the school was awarded to Doug. Simpson. Dougald McKenzie won the Intermediate Championship and D. Aiken the Junior.

The senior All-Round champion of the

school, according to the Point System, was Roy Kent, who received the Rotary Club Cup and Miniature. In the Intermediate division, R. Mendizabal won the Rotary Club Silver Medal, and W. Humphreys won the Junior Championship and Rotary Medal.



#### GYM TEAM

Back Row: R. Mendizabal, Bill Lester, Jack Thain, Doug. Simpson.  
Middle Row: Mr. O'Donohue, Mr. Mendizabal.  
Front Row: Gordon Perry, Walker Humphrey.

#### ASSAULT-AT-ARMS March, 1936

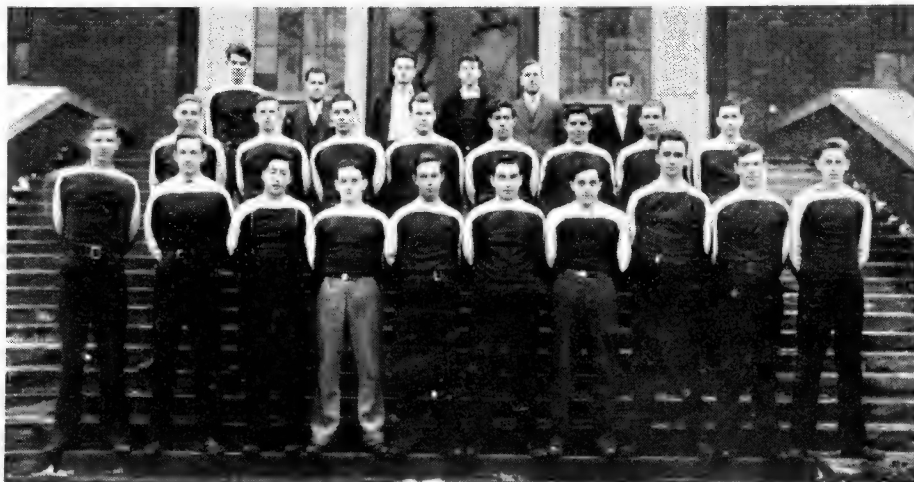
##### BOXING

75 lbs.—T. Beatty.  
85 lbs.—H. Date.  
95 lbs.—H. Date won challenge from  
F. Williams.  
112 lbs.—J. Tracy.  
118 lbs.—B. Watson.  
125 lbs.—D. McKeown.  
135 lbs.—S. Lawrence.  
145 lbs.—R. Kent.

160 lbs.—D. Austin.  
Heavyweight—B. Isbister.

##### WRESTLING

100 lbs.—M. Berger.  
112 lbs.—J. Dickerson.  
125 lbs.—B. Lester.  
135 lbs.—B. Murray.  
145 lbs.—R. Kent.  
160 lbs.—R. Mattingly.



SENIOR RUGBY TEAM

Back Row: H. Hampton, Mr. O'Donohue, B. McMillen, J. Kirk, Mr. Asbury, Tom Elliott.  
 Second Row: J. Chapman, V. Farner, H. Griffiths, R. Williams, B. Harris, R. Mattingley, R. Skam, Tom Lambert.  
 Front Row: J. Mathewson, R. Kent, W. Chong, J. Thompson, C. Cote, N. Darrach, G. Khoury, D. Hunt, C. Perkins, L. Craig.

## SENIOR RUGBY

## SENIOR TEAM

Flying Wing—C. Perkins.  
 Halves—J. Thompson, W. Chong, N. Darrach.  
 Quarter—C. Cote.  
 Snap—B. Harris.  
 Insides—H. Griffiths, R. Skam.  
 Middles—R. Mattingly, R. Williams.  
 Ends—R. Kent, P. Olenuik.  
 Subs.—J. Mathewson, H. Hampton, T. Lambert, L. Craig, V. Farner, G. Khoury.  
 Manager—Tom Elliott.  
 Trainers—Bob McMillen, Jack Kirk.

## SARNIA 10, LONDON CENTRAL 0.

In the first game of the W.O.S.S.A. series, Sarnia Seniors defeated London Central. After a scoreless 30 minutes of football, our senior aggregation got down to business and emerged the victors. The outstanding player for S. C. I. was Mattingly, a husky linesman whose perform-

ance was exceptionally good at all times. Sarnia tried six passes, three of which were completed, two falling short, and the other being intercepted. Perkins scored a touchdown on a bad snap by London. Darrach showed up as a plunger and Chong, Kent and Khoury performed well in the backfield.

## SARNIA 0, LONDON CENTRAL 0.

The first quarter of this second game was a see-saw affair, with both teams on even kicking terms and neither one making very large gains through the line. The highlight of the game was Darrach's 50-yard gain, when, after being injured, he placed the ball on Central's 10-yard line, but Sarnia failed to score. In the third and fourth quarters both teams resorted to forward passes. Outstanding players for Sarnia were Kent, halfback, and Williams.



SARNIA 3, LONDON SOUTH 2.

After a hectic six ty minutes of football, the seniors gained a victory over a stronger London team to clinch the district W.O.S.S.A. title, and gain the right to enter the semi-finals against Windsor-Walkerville Vocational School. The Seniors, although a much lighter team than the Londoners, had the margin over them in alertness and end running. Sarnia's advances were made largely around the ends by Cote's and Darrach's fleet running, along with Chong's line-ripping plunges. Bad breaks against Sarnia prevented them from scoring oftener. Darrach was called back after a 35-yard run in the first quarter, and the team was penalized 5 yards. Thompson, Sarnia kicker, collected all three points in the third period. Play was kept mostly in the visitors' territory in the last quarter, the Londoners obtaining their two points in the first and last quarters.

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SARNIA 5, LONDON SOUTH 1.

The Seniors handed London South their second defeat in one of the best games of the season. Ross Williams was responsible for the seniors' score when he brilliantly blocked a London kick and fell on the ball behind their line for the major score. Standouts for Sarnia were Kent, Perkins and Mattingly. Good defensive work and co-operation were leading factors in Sarnia's victory.

WINDSOR 15, SARNIA 2.

Windsor-Walkerville outscored the seniors in the first game of the senior W.O. S.S.A. semi-finals. Windsor maintained a steady pressure against its less experienced opponents and piled up a 13-point lead. In punting, there was little to choose between Thompson and the Windsor booter. Standout for Sarnia was Willie Chong, although he didn't get into the game until it was well started. His line plunging, tackling, and ball-carrying were most effective. In the second period, Thompson kicked the two single points for the seniors. Sarnia staged a great defensive show in the two middle periods, but was not strong enough to handle Windsor's line.

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WINDSOR 19, SARNIA 1.

After numerous shake-ups in the team and a week's practice, the seniors journeyed to Windsor, set on turning the tables on their conquerors. On a cold, muddy field, Windsor's much heavier forward wall proved too strong for Sarnia's halves to plunge through. After a scoreless first period, Windsor gained a major count on a forward pass. Sarnia's lone point came in the last period when Thompson kicked beyond the deadline. In the fourth period, Sarnia's hard fighting quarter, Cote, was taken out of the game due to injuries. Kent, captain of the team, took over the pivot position. Kent, Cote, Mattingly and Harris were the outstanding players of the Seniors.

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• ♦ •

JUNIOR RUGBY

JUNIOR TEAM

Flying Wing—B. Murray.

Halves—J. Thain Gutteridge, J. Bayduk.

Quarter—L. Allen.

Snap—J. Chapman.

Insides—T. Harkins, D. Burke.

Middles—J. McMillen, R. Doucher.

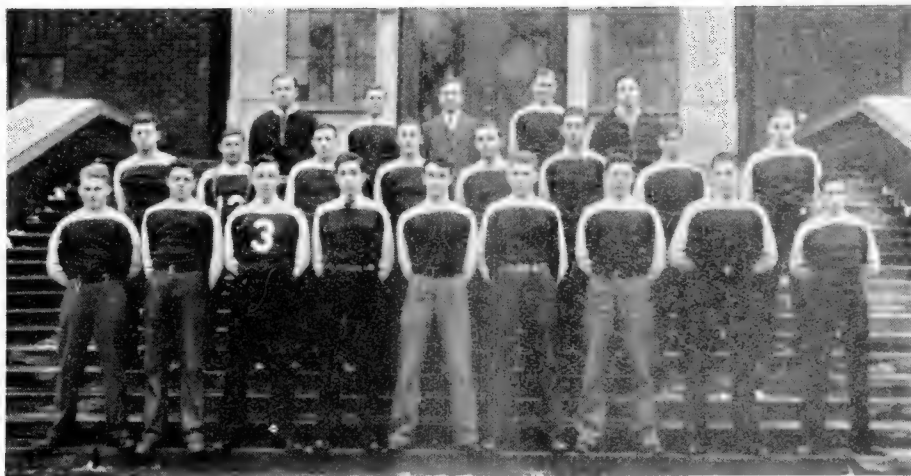
Ends—P. Cote, B. Gillson.

Subs—B. Shaw, B. Hammett, B. Nimmo, J. Mainwaring, D. Fleming, J. Brown.

C. Kelch, K. Dickson.

Manager—G. Ingersoll.

Trainer—Bill Kirk.



## JUNIOR RUGBY

Back Row: Mr. McNair, R. Doucher, Mr. Asbury, J. Mathewson, G. Ingersoll.

Second Row: B. McMillen, R. Santche, L. Allen, B. Murray, J. Thain, J. Bayduck, R. Hammett, J. Chapman.

Front Row: R. Nimmo, C. Kelch, J. Mainwaring, T. Harkins, B. Shaw, E. Hueston, D. Fleming, D. Burke, P. Cote.

## ST. THOMAS 5, SARNIA 4.

In one of the most unexpected upsets of the year, Sarnia Juniors bowed in defeat to a heavier St. Thomas team. Outstanding performers for Sarnia were Bayduk, Gutteridge, Thain and Dickson. In the first period Gutteridge scored on a kick over the opponents' goal and the game then became a kicking duel between Louch of St. Thomas, and Gutteridge of Sarnia. In the closing minutes of the third period, Cote scored Sarnia's last count of the game by a beautiful 30-yard drop-kick. An important highlight of the game was Dickson's 50-yard pass to Mainwaring.

## ST. THOMAS 11, SARNIA 6.

In the second game against our old pigskin rivals, the Sarnia juniors, with a one-point lead to overcome, were determined to eliminate St. Thomas. In the first quarter of the game, the Juniors played safe football, and took the breaks of the game as they came. A touchdown by Dickson in the second quarter started Sarnia's scoring. In the third period, Dickson kicked two singles and the home lads' hopes for further conquest of the W.O.S.S.A. were ended when Gutteridge kicked their last single. The outstanding feature of this game was a 45-yard run by Murray. Erratic ball-handling on the part of the backfield made way for many fumbles which did nothing to stop the St. Thomas machine.



BOXING AND WRESTLING CHAMPIONS

Back Row: R. Mattingly, D. McKeown, B. Lester, D. Austin, B. Isbister, J. Murray.  
Front Row: B. Watson, H. Dickenson, Lloyd Williams, T. Beatty, H. Date, J. Tracy.



BOYS' ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE

Back Row: N. Darrach, D. Taylor, B. Lester.  
Front Row: Tom Elliott, Mr. O'Donohue, E. Powell.





SIGNALLING TEAM

Back Row: M. Phibbs, B. Kerr, W. Williams, J. McMillan, Mr. Ritchie, D. Rutherford, W. Ford, K. Rooney.

Front Row: D. Hodgins, M. Ritchie, A. Lawson, E. Miles, W. Knowles, N. Fulkerson.

### FIELD DAY, 1935

Although the cold weather forced the postponement of our annual Field Day, the events were finally held on October 8th. There was a considerable number of participants, and many spectators watched the various events.

In the morning the High and Broad Jumping events were held, also the Shot Put and Discus Throw. Most of the races were held in the afternoon.

When the final results were announced, Duncan Tolmie was declared the Individual Senior Champion. The Intermediate Championship went to Jack Kirk, while Joe Brown and Ross Pole tied for the Junior Championship. The Juvenile class championship was carried off by D. Huggins.

Many of the competitors showed promising talent and, although the majority of the entrants won no medals or ribbons, the experience and general benefit of entering such a competition as this is of lasting value to those participating.

The following new records were made:

#### JUNIORS

100 yard dash, 12 1/5 sec.—J. Brown.

220 yard dash, 27 sec.—J. Brown.

#### INTERMEDIATE

550 yard, 61 1/5 sec.—J. Kirk.

#### SENIORS

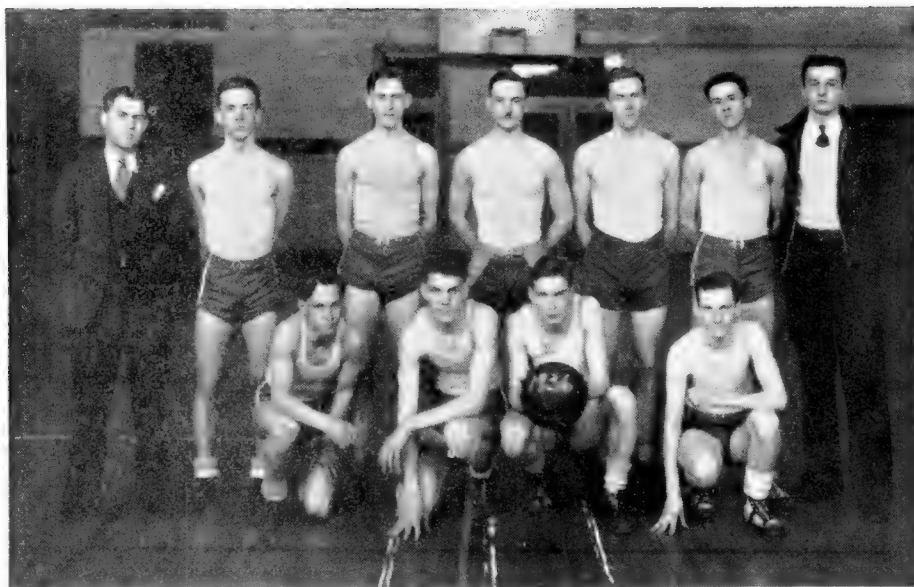
220 yard dash, 25 3/5 sec.—L. Craig.

440 yard dash, 58 2/5 sec.—D. Tolmie.

880 yard dash, 91 2/5 sec.—D. Tolmie.

Pole Vault, 9 ft. 8 in.—K. Perkins.





SENIOR BASKETBALL

Back Row: Mr. O'Donohue, E. Powell, L. Craig, R. Kent, A. Murray, O. Moore, B. McMillen.  
Front Row: C. Cote, H. Hampton, J. Shanks, R. Milner.



JUNIOR BASKETBALL

Back Row: Mr. Billingsley, Eveland, Fleming, Gutteridge, C. Robinson, Kirk, B. McMillen.  
Front Row: Harkins, R. Baker, P. Cote, J. Thain.



## SWIMMING, 1935-36

The annual Swimming Meet was held last year on May 31st. The program was interesting and varied, including the following races: 50 yard, 100 yard, 200 yard, free style, 50 yard back stroke, diving and plunging for distance. Three points were allowed for winning any one event, with a maximum of four events, making the highest possible score 12 points.

In the senior division R. McKenzie won the highly prized John Morse Newton Memorial Cup and miniature, with a score of 11 points. Cliff Miller and Vern Farner tied for Second place with 8 points each, and Don Taylor placed third with 5 points. In the junior section

Jack Kirk won the Kiwanis Bronze Medal with an aggregate of 12 points, followed by L. Walker with 6 points and J. Schaeffer with 4 points. A new plunge record of 40 feet was made by Cliff Miller.

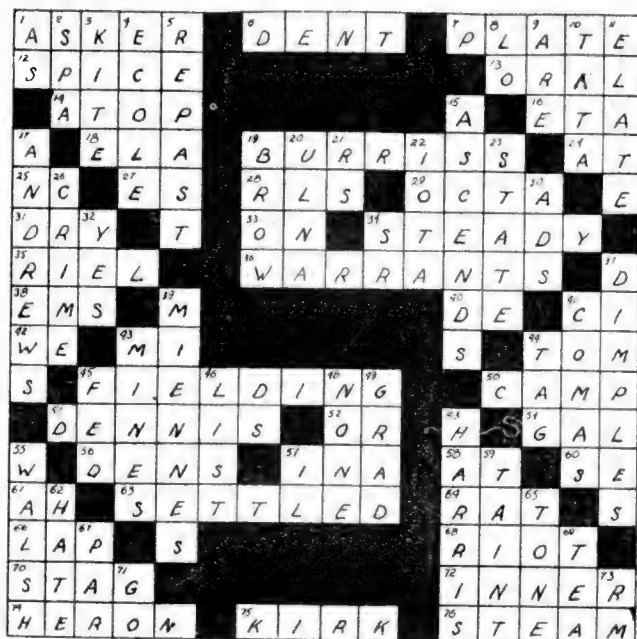
This autumn a course in Life Saving was conducted by Mr. A. D. Billingsley, and examinations were held December. The following Royal Life Saving awards were won:

Silver Medallion—R. Mendizabal.

Bronze Medallion—C. Wareham.

Proficiency Certificate—S. Stokes.

Elementary Certificates—W. Bell, W. Duffey, S. Ehman, D. Huggins, W. Keelan, J. Lennox.



ANSWER TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE ON PAGE 48



## ALUMNI LETTER

I MUST confess that the realization comes with rather a shock that one now belongs to the generation which may be called upon to write letters to "The Collegiate." In my day, the people whom we placed in that august category, we regarded as substantial citizens whose "memories" extended back to what were for us almost prehistoric times. So fleetly does one day come upon another that we suddenly discover that they have brought us to the point where memories of the past mingle with present occupations to make up our picture of life.

No memories can lay greater claim upon our affection than those of the scenes which are forever associated with our first enthusiasms. The more enduring these enthusiasms, the more closely do the passing years bind us to their mainspring. We may be led far afield in their pursuit; fulfillment in another place brings us back to the scene in which we knew the excitement of first discoveries.

Sarnia Collegiate Institute was very kind to me in that it stimulated and nourished interest in the two studies which still chiefly delight me, biology and history—two great branches of science, which are in reality akin, since they represent merely two different ways of approaching the fascinating story of our world, two threads upon which we seize and try to follow through the intricate web and wool of life in the hope of one day being able to reconstruct the marvellous pattern of the whole tapestry.

Two of the greatest teachers I have ever known left the S. C. I. a real tradition in these studies. They are no longer there. Miss Gladys Story possessed an understanding of the history and literature of Europe and America which was a gift beyond price to all her pupils. Mr. D. M. Grant taught the classics with the inspiration of a master who knows that none of the essential achievements of the ancient civilisations are "dead" to our own. To Mr. W. A. Dent I always feel grateful every time I uncover a first primrose or gentian of an Alpine spring.

And now here we are, by some odd chance, in Geneva, not very far from the spot where Julius Caesar once "threw a bridge across the river" in his effort to subjugate and



organise the Helvetians, the early Celtic peoples of the rich pastoral country that swells up from the Las Léman (Lac de Genève) to the long swerving line of the Jura mountains. The stupendous achievement of the early Roman expeditions across the Alps is faithfully traced in the present Simplon highway which tunnels through the massive peaks separating Italy from Switzerland and, by a motor road over a pass 7000 feet in altitude, or by the Roma-Milano-Genève Express, brings tourists by the hundreds through the pine-shadowed gorges to the mild, blue waters and the placid, orderly towns of the Lac Léman.

The material evidences of the triumph of Roman civilisation have endured for many centuries about the shores of this lake; and one of our favourite weekend excursions at this time of year, when the first crocus and daffodil tempt us out of the town, takes us along the paths where companies of Syrians, Greeks, Gauls, Iberians and Etruscans, serving under the Roman eagles, laid roads, dug wells, and made the first inventories of produce in this fertile valley.

One day, when poking about one of those dingy shops in Charing Cross Road, London, which are such a treasure-trove for all book-lovers, I came upon a tattered volume written by an Englishman in 1780 after a visit to Geneva. The writer described the then existing constitution of the Town of Geneva, drawing enthusiastic attention to its many points of similarity with the body of municipal regulations formulated by the Romans after their long experience of colonisation and administration.

But by 1780 Geneva had become famous for reasons other than these. A hundred and fifty years before this date it had begun to make its name in the medieval world as "Genève, Cité de Refuge." This was that marvellous period in the history of the western world when the Renaissance moved like a fresh breath of air across Europe and England, quickening men's minds, bringing back memories of culture of the ancient world which had all but disappeared during six dark centuries of warfare, sharpening eyes to beauty and making them look upon their world with new vision. The same impulse which gave us the architecture and painting for whose sake the whole world still comes to visit England, Holland, France, Spain, Italy and Germany, also produced those searchings of mind and heart which resulted in the Reformation and the birth of the Protestant Church. But, whereas the artistic productions of the Renaissance were brought forth for the most part amid approval and patronage, the fruit of the Reformation was perfected only after long and bitter struggles and sacrifice to the death.

Geneva, at that time a tiny walled town crowning a hill which rose out of the marshy stretches about the lake, defended her Protestant faith against foes on every hand. A glance at a map will show how vulnerable she was on every side. But she was stoutly defended by a handful of valiant citizens, and her final victory over the men of the Duc du Savoie in 1603 is still celebrated on the 11th of December with a perfect "reconstruction" of the medieval triumphal march, pikes, halberds and crests gleaming fitfully in the torchlight.

Geneva offered sanctuary to many who ran in danger because of their faith in those days. Calvin lived here for some time, and John Knox came from Scotland to preach from the pulpit which is one of Geneva's dearest historical possessions to-day. The habit of the "Cité de Refuge" continued. A stroll about "La Vieille Cité" to-day reveals names that were connected with movements of thought in Europe during the next two centuries—Voltaire, Rousseau, Goethe, George Sand, Madame de Stael, Byron—and Browning has a poem which describes the steep ascent up the Salève (the mountain which rises just beyond the suburbs of modern Geneva) and names the villages clustering about its base. To the English man of letters of the nineteenth century Geneva was already an international centre—a focal point of literary activity and political thought.



For the past fifteen years, Geneva has been associated with a daring new development in political thought and with perhaps the most courageous experiment that nations have ever undertaken. After the Great War, nations were so weary of all the frightful waste of precious human life, that they determined to try some other method of settling disputes between themselves. They set up the League of Nations and drew up a constitution under which they bound themselves to develop understanding and co-operation among themselves in every possible way, and above all never again to resort to war merely settle some dispute. The permanent headquarters of the League were set up in Geneva because it had been neutral territory during the war and it was thought easier to begin this work of co-operation on neutral ground.

Now was added to the poets, philosophers and artists who had found in Geneva a quiet resort where they could devote themselves to their work, a new sort of visitor. Economists, engineers, sociologists, medical experts engaged in research into the causes of malaria, sleeping-sickness, typhus, tuberculosis, and many other diseases that have wasted mankind, legal experts, trained librarians, former editors of political journals, now came to make up the new Secretariat, the headquarters of the League. Their business is to help the countries to co-operate in quite practical matters—to prevent the spread of epidemic diseases, to open up waterways that run through several countries, to make regulations for the fair treatment of workers, to promote trade and to improve the living conditions of people everywhere. Periodically, this permanent band is augmented by the arrival of the delegations of the countries' members of the League. Flags of all the nations are hung out at all the hotels along the lake front, taxis dart to and fro, and our committee-rooms hum early and late with the discussions on how the work of the League should go forward. Telegraph messages flash to newspapers in every part of the world during the debates.

The delegations have had to deal not only with plans for practical co-operation, but with infinitely more difficult questions—political disputes that have arisen since the war. It is interesting to see how this part of the work has gone on. Sometimes it has met with signal success; sometimes success is slow in coming. The observer must remember that the ideas on which the League's co-operative work is based are quite new and have had only some fifteen years of practice. Old habits are hard to break—even when they are bad habits. In general, it has been easier to achieve a quick success of co-operation when the end in view is something obviously to the benefit of all, such as the organisation of public health or the control of the trade in injurious drugs. It is more difficult quickly to correct the habit of conflict in cases where there is a long history of hostility.

Two things, however, have continued to act in favour of the idea of co-operation rather than conflict. One is the fact that a habit of co-operation in practical matters has already been set up by the league. The other is the awful uncertainty that if nations give up the effort to solve the difference by peaceful means, war will result.

It is indeed doubtful if western civilization—all the beauty and wisdom that is our heritage from three thousand years of human dreaming and labour—could survive another great war. We are the inheritors of great riches—all the scientific invention, all the glory of expression in words and paint and music, all the spiritual seeking and finding of centuries. It is unquestionably the task of our century to discover means of keeping and handing on these riches, of using mind and energy to create rather than to destroy what has already been made.

The League of Nations is an experiment in organization which was set up to help nations discover these means. It is important to remember, however, that it is not an



automatic machine. It is an instrument, it provides a method, which the impulse of the nations must employ. This is the reason why it is important that students in every country should understand it, and realize what thrilling possibilities for growth in every field of human activity may follow upon the development of its principle of co-operation and assistance.

MARY C. McGEACHY.

### HONOUR GRADUATES AND ?

Roger Anderson

"He's gone like Alexander  
To spread his conquests farther."—Arts, University of Toronto.

Abie Lampel:

"For I will eat and drink and play  
Until it's time to hit the hay."—Osgoode Hall, Toronto.

Eddie Mercurio:

"On with the dance  
Let joy be unrefined."—At Home.

Harold MacAdams:

"To live long it is necessary to live slowly."—Pickering College, Newmarket.

Fred Rainsberry:

"Still they gazed and still the wonder grew  
That one small head could carry all he knew."—Lab. Imperial Oil Refinery.

Pete Mackenzie:

"A sailor boy was he"—(a girl in every port)—  
Dominion Glass Works, Hamilton.

Lowry McKegney:

"It is not luck or chance or pull or influence—it is  
ability."—Imperial Oil Laboratory.

Margaret Ritchie:

"From her youth upward she had felt herself marked out  
for a high destiny."—University of Toronto.

Mid Capps:

"She has eyes so soft and brown—take care."  
—Sarnia Business College.

Leonard Hossie:

"To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new."—At Home.

Jim Greason:

"Once a friend—always a friend."—University of Toronto.

Bill Hutchinson:

"A little love now and then is welcomed by the best  
of men."—University of Toronto, Meds.



Margaret Eacrett:

"Innocence is the balm of virtue, but who says  
that I'm innocent?"—St. Joseph's Hospital, London.

Veronica Lang:

"Like unto her voice—sweet, clear and true."  
—Toronto General Hospital, Toronto.

Nicholas Paithouski:

"To make all men your friends is an arduous task,  
'tis enough to have no enemies."—Holmes Foundry.

Doug Henderson:

"And he learned about women from her (and her, and her—  
to the nth degree)"—Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph.

Jane Cowan:

"So unaffected and so natural."—King's Hall, Compton, Quebec.

Jack Falconer:

"I've never felt the kiss of love  
Nor maiden's hand in mine."—Sarnia Business College.

Ken Oliver:

"He loves music, also beauty  
The night for love, the day for duty."—Kippen's Brokerage.

Clara Kerr:

"Quick to learn and wise to know."—Normal School, London.

Dalton Leckie:

"To be or not to be—be what?  
That is the question is it not?"—C. N. R. Shops, Stratford.

Arnie McWatters:

"Broad of shoulders, broad of mind  
The world could use more of his kind."—Imperial Oil Limited.

Naomi Barron:

"For I'm a little prairie flower  
Growing wilder every hour."—Bishop Strachan School, Toronto.

Dorothea Durrant:

"The flower of meekness on a stem of grace."  
—Sarnia Business College.

Lois Myers:

"I could love thee, Work, so much,  
Loved I not Pleasure more."—Felt and Tarrant School, Detroit.

Arene Holloway:

"For what is knowledge compared to love."—Florence Shoppe.

Those who are furthering their education at the Sarnia Business College are: Florence Milsom, Mary MacGregor, Jack Falconer, Mid Capps, Dorothea Durrant, Ruth Robinson.

Ernest Murray—Shaw's Business School, Toronto.

Eileen Gruggen is attending school in Sault Ste. Marie.

Cecil Chesher—University of Toronto.

Owen Lockhart—Osgoode Hall, Toronto.



Norman Sisco—Jarvis High School, Toronto.  
 Irwin Fraser—University of Western Ontario, London.  
 Edgar Leckie—Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph.  
 Lillian Hall—Queen's University, Kingston.  
 Shirley Lockhart—Alma College, St. Thomas.  
 Emma Hargrove—Wayne University, Detroit.  
 Genevieve Warwick—Cass Tech, Detroit.  
 Ruth Morris is attending London Normal School.  
 Grace McCready—Forest High School.  
 Harold Perry—Sir Adam Beck Collegiate, London.  
 Don Westman—South Collegiate Institute, London.  
 Helen Stubbs is attending London Normal School.

Those who were fortunate enough to secure employment:—

Hugh Anderson is working for his father.  
 Douglas Simpson is at the Dominion Salt Co.  
 Howard Walker is working at the Imperial Oil Refinery.  
 Dean Dailey is a member of Bill Clark's Collegians.  
 Art Smith is at Pearce & Smith Tire Repair Co.  
 Lawrence Gill is a clerk in Fulkerson's Grocery Store.  
 Gladys Giffin is working at the Canadian Observer.  
 Ruth Spears—Walker Bros. Groceteria.  
 Viola Garside—training for a nurse at Strathroy General Hospital.  
 Jean Woodrow—Woodrow Law Office.  
 Olive Gallie—Bell Telephone Company.  
 Marjory McGregor—St. Joseph's Hospital, Chatham.  
 Janet Mackenzie—Caruther's Clinic.  
 Dorothy Reeves is working at the County Registry Office.  
 Marjory Leckie is working at the County Registry Office.  
 Helen Murray—Sarnia Public Library.  
 Albus Venton—Family Laundry.  
 Joe Needham—working for Dr. Drummond.  
 Josephine Firth is training for a nurse at Strathroy General Hospital.  
 Isabel McMillan is training for a nurse at Sarnia General Hospital.  
 Vern Boyington is working in Detroit.  
 Kingsley Dagg is clerking in Strangway's Clothes Shop.  
 Edith Daws is working in the Cosy Cove.  
 Bloss Glenn is a member of Bill Clark's Collegians.

Those who are at present at home as far as can be ascertained are: Frieda Albert, Grace Bright, Ross Cook, Aleta Courtney, Muriel Gardiner, Elva Haney, Doug Lannin, Johnny Burgess, Kay Webster, Corinne Mara, Tony Mondoux, Cal Adams, Kitchen-er Jones, Margaret Doohan, Bill Harkins, Kay Nickell, Phyllis Chambers, Anne Mc-Callum, Anna McMillan, Helen Moss, Bruce Todd, Don McKellar, Edna Churcher, Helen Gillespie, Francis DeJersey, Edyth Millman, Marion Knudsen, Jean Tyrie, Doris Daws, Evelyn Culley, Jean Fraser, Jessie Harris, Alberta Hunt, Annie Laurie, Nettie McCreadie, Florence Pippard, Elizabeth Ross, Jean Sheffield, Laura Spencer, Bernice Willer, William Beaseley, Lewis Daws, Francis Hegarty, Joe Kohl, Garfield Lucas, Douglas Park, Nancy Patrick, Helen Ryan, Glenn Dailey.





Stella: You shouldn't drink out of the saucer thatways, Pa. You should drink out of the cup!

Pop Logan: What! And poke out my eye with the spoon?

\* \* \* \*

He who laughs last is probably Art Giffin.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Andrews: Are you a clock-watcher?

Rankin: Oh, no sir, I'm a bell-listener.

\* \* \* \*

MacMillan: They tell me you excelled in Algebra last year.

Tom Elliott: Oh yes, I was always equal to any equation.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Asbury's comments on Jack Doucher's report card:

Christmas Exams: Trying.

Easter likewise: Still trying.

Midsummer ditto: Still very trying..

\* \* \* \*

Bob Gates: Raymond Coveney certainly spoke his mind last period, didn't he?

D'Arcy Hunt: Yes, his voice did sound a little cracked.

\* \* \* \*

A stitch in time saves embarrassment. (eh, Maxine?)

\* \* \* \*

Janey: Say, do those tattoo marks wash off?

Johnny: I couldn't say.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Andrews has a lot of trouble with his bad memory. Whenever he is introduced to anyone he tries to make the name into a rhyme, as an aid to remembering it. For example: "Mr. Quinn is very thin; Mrs. Jones has gall stones."

One evening he was introduced to a Miss Hummick. He rhymed her name with "stomach" to remember it.

The next time they met, he said: "How do you do, Miss Kelly?"



# TIME MARCHES ON!





He was a particularly raw freshie, and Mr. M. was getting just a leetle bit fed up. At last he lost all patience.

"Boy, didn't you hear 'About turn'?"

"No," answered the recruit, "What about him?"

\* \* \* \*

Some young men of today respect old age only when it comes in bottles.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Andrews: Now, McKellar, if you were to draw a straight line between these two points, what would it prove?

Don: That I was unusually sober this morning.

\* \* \* \*

To-day's Thot:

Do right and fear no man;

Don't write and fear no woman.

\* \* \* \*

Then there was the lad who was so dumb that he spent all morning trying to get Established 1885 on the 'phone.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Trietz: First of all, I'll take some sulphuric acid, and then some chloroform—

Marsden: That's a swell idea.

\* \* \* \*

Do you hear the ocean groaning,

Ever groaning soft and low?

'Tis because the fat old bather

Stepped upon its undertow.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Dennis: Pole, what is a vacuum?

Oscar: I can't put it in words, but I have it in my head.

\* \* \* \*

Definitions:

Jackets: A long-eared horse-like animal.

Kinetic: A state in the U.S.A.

Atoms: The second president of the United States.

Paddle: To sell from door to door.

Senor: Noise made while sleeping.

Epistle: Gangster's weapon.

\* \* \* \*

Isabel: "Of course, he bored me awfully, but I don't think I showed it. Every time I yawned, I just hid it with my hand."

Doucher (trying to be polite): "Really, I don't see how a hand so small could—er—hide—that is—er—awful weather we are having, isn't it?"

\* \* \* \*

Fred Walter: "Where are you in the study of catechism?"

Russ Hardick: "I'm in the middle of the original sin."

Freddy: "Oh, that's nothing. I'm past redemption."

\* \* \* \*

The parlour soft holds the twain,

Miranda and her love-sick swain—

Heandshe.

But hark! A step upon the stair

And papa finds them sitting there—

He and she.



Reporter: "I understand, sir, that you began life as a newsboy."

Mr. Fielding: "I fear someone has been deceiving you. I began life as an infant"

\* \* \* \*

Miss Walsh: "Give me an example of a collective noun."

Merle: "An ash can."

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Dent: "Now, can anyone tell me, what is water?"

Kirk: "Yes sir; it's a kind of soft stuff that turns back when you put your hands in it."

\* \* \* \*

Blanche: "I just adore animals."

Austin: "Ahem! I'm a little hoarse."

\* \* \* \*

Rodolfo: "What was that noise?"

Ray Dailey: "That was my bicycle spoke."

Rodolfo: "Why?"

Ray: "Because it was being pumped."

\* \* \* \*

Miss Walker: "Kirk, why are scratching your head?"

Bill: "'Cause I'm the only one who knows where it itches."

\* \* \* \*

??: "What are four sweetest words in the English Language?"

Keelan: "Enclosed please find cheque."

\* \* \* \*

Manuel: "Is your sister in?"

Abie R.: "Just ring the bell and ask the maid. She's paid for lying, and I aint."

\* \* \* \*

Miss Harris: "Have you a notebook?"

Schaeffer: "My head is my notebook."

Miss H: "That's no good. It's a blank book."

\* \* \* \*



"MY SUMMER VACATION"



There once was a chap at a dance  
 Who saw a kerchief dropped by mischance;  
 As he stooped o'er the floor  
 Something ripped—and he tore  
 From the room with a split in his—gloves.

\* \* \* \*

Feminine Visitor: "I used to be able to tell a young man's college by his accent, but your son Ed's is a mixture of Harvard, Virginia, Kansas, Stanford and even Oxford.

Mr. Powell: "Yes, between the talkies and the radio I can't understand him myself half the time.

\* \* \* \*

Ingersoll: "What could be worse than a giraffe with tonsilitis?"

Harborne: "That's easy. A hippo with mumps or a centipede with Athlete's foot."

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Trietz: If a 25 cycle motor had to make 25 complete revolutions in one second, what would happen?

Harkins (brightly): It would get dizzy.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Darrach (proudly): I hear, Mr. O'Donohue, that my son made a 98-yard run in the big game.

Dan: Yes, too bad he failed to catch the man with the ball.

Helen M.: Why so doleful?

Alice McK.: I wrote an article on milk for the mag. and Sleeth condensed it.

Helen: Cheer up! Be thankful he didn't can it.

\* \* \* \*

Miss Payne (shopping in Sole's): I want to buy a wheel-barrow.

Clunie: Sorry, we don't keep wheelbarrows here.

Marion: You don't. What kind of a drug store do you call this, I'd like to know.

\* \* \* \*

Betty: I don't like Bob any more; he's too interested in educating his money.

Olgo: How's that?

Betty: He makes every cent count.

\* \* \* \*

Mike Harris (proudly): What do you think of that book I wrote on the Art of making Love?

Adel: Who wrote it for you?

\* \* \* \*

Bum: Tell your fortune, Mister?

Keelan: How much?

Bum: A quarter.

Keelan: Right!

\* \* \* \*

Kent: Why the black eye?

Bob McM.: You know that gal that lives down the road and whose husband is in China?

Roy: Yeah.

Bob: Well, he isn't.

\* \* \* \*

Allen: That must be Miss Weir driving that car in front.

Doucher: Why?

Roy: Because she won't let me pass.



Agnes M.: Isn't it funny to what extremes women will go to get rid of their husbands?

Marion: Killing, isn't it?

\* \* \* \*

"Chuck" Stover (with trombone): How much are your rooms?

Landlady: Let's hear you play that thing first.

\* \* \* \*

Ralph McM.: Yessir, I drove up to the crossroad; and a truck bore down on me from the right, a bus was headed for me from the left, and a man hopped out in front of me. Gosh, it was a tough spot!

McDermid: I'll bet you were in a dilemma.

Mac.: You're crazy; I was in a Chevrolet.

\* \* \* \*

Pat Russell: Well, I finally got into the movies.

Helen: You did! How?

Patsy: Oh, I paid the usual 25 cents.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Asbury (on the links): How am I doing, Caddy?

Caddy: Fine, but you're not hitting the ball in the direction of the hole.

Mr. A: Hole! What hole?

\* \* \* \*

When the inspector knocks upon our door,  
Our teacher blushes to the core;  
She says no word, but glares at us  
So we're afraid to make a fuss;  
But quick as "Scat!" she drops her glare  
And when he comes, smiles everywhere.  
"Good-day, Inspector Black!" she'll say,  
"I'm sure we're glad you've come today,  
We always like your visits so  
You'll help us with our work, I know!"

But we all know that it's a lie,  
And when he goes out, she will sigh  
And say, "Oh, dear, I guess that's that!  
I hardly know just where I'm at."  
But to us kids, it's all pure fun,  
And we feel blue when it's all done.  
For when we hold our hand up high  
The teacher answers nice as pie.  
If we have trouble with our sums  
Right to our help the teacher comes;  
She asks us things we know by heart  
And makes the old lad think we're smart.  
She'd never, never think to scold,  
But we're afraid to act up bold  
Because when he went back to town  
We'd get a red-hot dressing down,  
And so we sit like painted saints,  
While teacher acts like what she ain't.



Brown: I never let grass grow under my feet.

Washburn: Oh, a go-getter, eh?

Brown: No, a sailor.

\* \* \* \*

Police Captain: Have you had any experience with infernal machines?

Mr. Ritchie: Oh, yes, I used to have a second hand Ford.

\* \* \* \*

J. Weiss: Say, I have an idea!

VanSickle: Beginner's luck.

\* \* \* \*

Men are like corks—some pop the question, and others have to be drawn out.

\* \* \* \*

Doris: My brother is working with 5,000 people under him.

Thelma: Where?

Doris: Mowing lawns in the cemetery.

\* \* \* \*

Jean Steele: I'd like some lard.

Clerk: Pail?

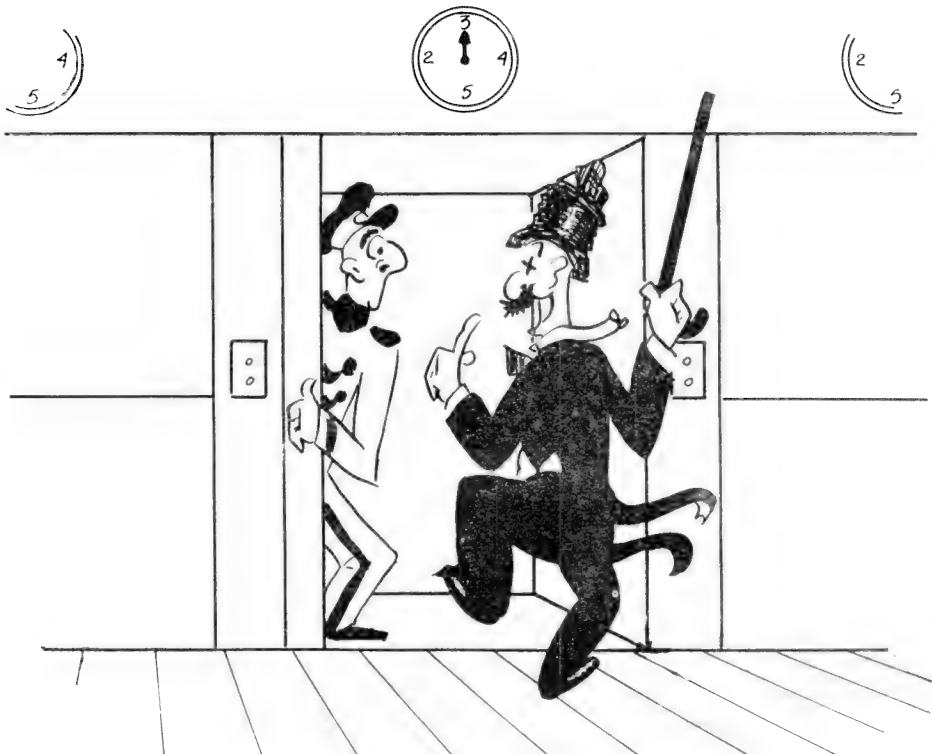
Jean: Have you any colored?

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Graham: You girls made so much noise I couldn't hear myself speak.

Com. 1A: It's all right; you didn't miss anything.

\* \* \* \*



"TO THE FERRY DOCK AND DRIVE LIKE BLAZES."



Mr. Pringle: My wife explored my pockets last night.

Mr. Ensor: What did she get?

Bill: About the same as any other explorer—enough material for a lecture.

\* \* \* \*

Aiken: Believe me, I like the simple things in life.

Dub Wise: Yes, I go for those blondes myself.

\* \* \* \*

Brown: How does Mr. Brush like the playing we're doing?

Smith: I don't know; he always talks about the playing I'm not doing.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Dent: What is the potency of cyanide of potassium as a poison?

Shirley: One drop on a dog's tongue will kill a man.

\* \* \* \*

Ingersoll: What could be worse than a giraffe with tonsilitis?

Harborne: That's easy—a hippo with mumps or a centipede with Athlete's foot.

\* \* \* \*

Miss Burtch: Sharpe, haw many senses are there?

Sammy: Six

Miss Burtch: Indeed! I have only five.

Sam: Yes, the other is common sense.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. O'Donohue (emphatically): I know how to settle my wife's hash.

Mr. Dennis (awed): Really!

Mr. O'D: Yes sir. I always take a spoonful of bicarbonate of soda.



## JUST FACTS

- The three most well-known faces in the world are those of King Edward VIII, Henry Ford, and King C. Gillette.
- Nitroglperine is now used to stop shoes from squeaking.
- An attachment is on the market which will make ice cream in your washing machine.
- Artificial diamonds are made from sugar and iron-filings.
- In a large American pickle factory the onion peelers wear gas masks.
- Waterproof, washable paper clothing is being used in Germany.
- The glass tanks on top of gasoline pumps are tinted to protect the gasoline from the sunlight, not to look pretty.
- The fastest a man has ever run is 21.4 m.p.h.
- Artificial rubber can be made from sugar.
- Mud from the Rhine River is burned to run electric generators.
- According to union rates, it costs you \$1 to have your dog's eyebrows plucked.
- You cannot send a telegram in Chinese, even in China. The language cannot be put into a telegraphic code.
- A new match has been developed which will light 600 times.
- One-half the lard used in this country is made of whale-oil.
- On Riker's Island, New York City rubbish dump, a fire has been burning the refuse for 20 years.
- It costs \$50 to take your pet ostrich on a journey by rail.
- It takes 7 days to make a ping-pong ball.
- A new insulating wool is made from lead slag.
- The sale of bicycles is now the highest since before the World War.



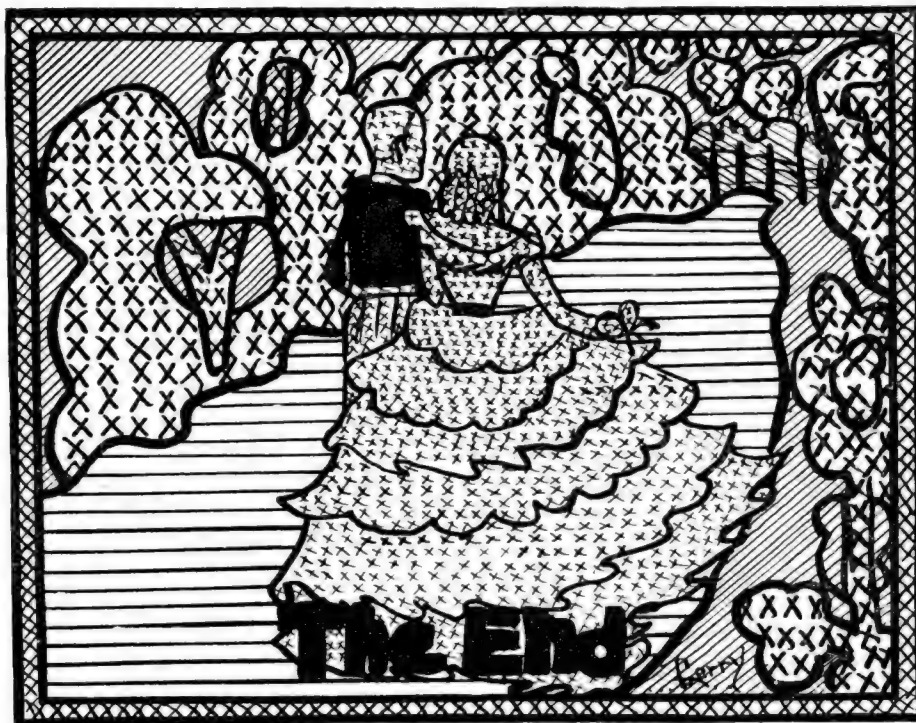


- Half the people in America are under 26 years of age.
- The average family spends \$10 a year for tobacco.
- Air-mail planes in Iceland make their profits, not from the mail service, but from directing fishing trawlers by radio to schools of fish observed on their flights.
- In a racing car with a 1000 h.p. motor, 100 h.p. goes to overcome friction, 50 h.p. are needed to overcome air-resistance.
- The butterfly was originally called the flutterby.
- Irving Berlin cannot read music, and composes only in the key of F sharp.
- Al Capone swims only with water-wings when out of jail.
- Of all the countries of Europe, Hungary is the only one in which one may commonly find "corn-on-the-cob" on the menu of restaurants.
- In certain parts of India, there exists a women's language which is not understood by men.
- A law has recently been passed in Poland making it compulsory to take a bath at least once a month.
- In France, in the reign of Charles V, a duel was fought between Richard Macaire and a dog. The dog won!
- A river in Spain is often incorrectly called by tourists the Rio Gaudix River. This means literally—River river river river.  
(Rio-river: Gua (from the Moorish, Wadi)-river; and Ix-river.)
- Genuine Panama hats are made in Ecuador, not Panama, and sell for \$1000 each. There are only 13 men in the world who are first class weavers of these hats.
- Furniture is now being made of Zalmite, a compound manufactured of peanut shells and burlap.
- Maggots are used to keep wounds free from infection. They eat the infected tissue.
- Every fourth book sold in England was written by Edgar Wallace.
- Rotten eggs are used in tanning leather.
- Sapphires are used to shape the leads in your pencils.
- It costs the average railway company \$5000 per annum to blow whistles at all crossings.
- The first English settlement in Ontario was at Moose Factory on James Bay.
- When you buy a car you are paying 8 cents for wear on diamonds used as drills in its manufacture.
- Rubber horse-shoes are being worn this season by horses pulling milk-wagons in New York City.
- A Chinese from Canton can not understand the speech of a native of Peiping, but can read his writing with ease. The Chinese language has but one system of picture-writing, but innumerable different pronunciations and dialects.
- All the gondolas in Venice must be painted black, by law.
- Ethiopian messengers frequently cover 70 miles in one day, running.



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*"A name, a scrawl, a memory . . ."*







## The Sarnia Board of Education and its Advisory Vocational Committee

Gladly take this opportunity of greeting the "Collegiate"  
Magazine Staff, and also all the readers  
of this publication.

---

### TO THE EDITORIAL AND BUSINESS STAFF

they extend hearty congratulations on the successful issue of the 1936  
school magazine.

### TO THE STUDENTS OF THE S. C. I. & T. S.

they express sincere interest in their welfare and best wishes for suc-  
cess in the year's work.

### TO THE TEACHING STAFF OF THE S. C. I. & T. S.

they desire to extend an expression of confidence and appreciation.

### TO THE CITIZENS OF SARNIA AND VICINITY

they give the assurance of continued efforts on behalf of the educa-  
tional development of this community.

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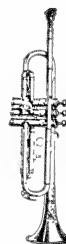
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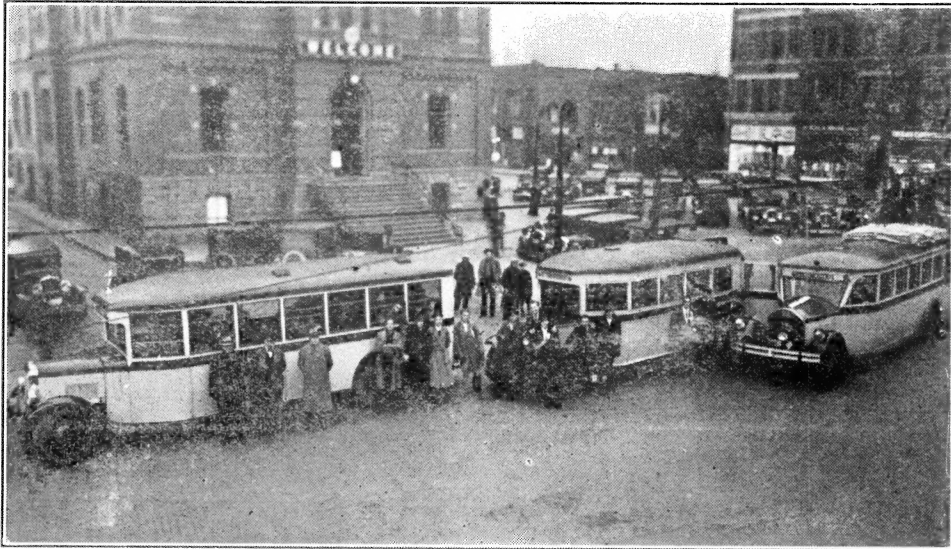
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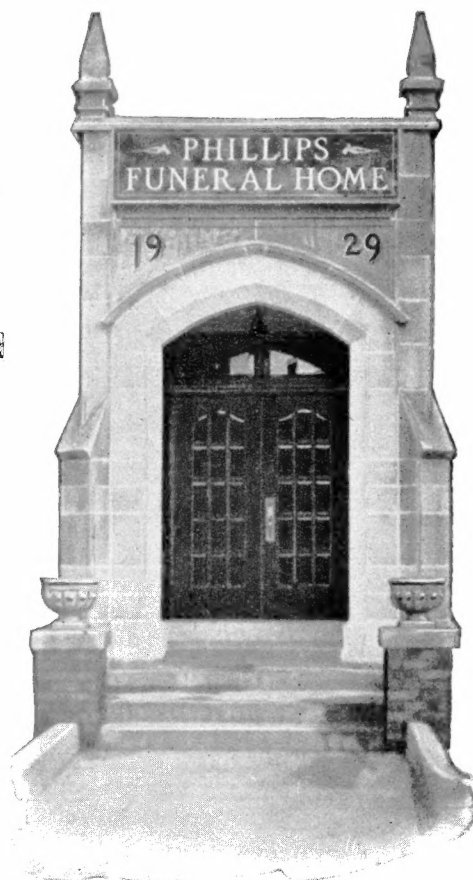
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The Staff of the "Collegiate" wishes to express its thanks to the  
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ask our readers to show a preference to the  
business firms whose names appear in  
our advertising spaces.



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